

◆ Massey's Illustrated ◆

(PUBLISHED MONTHLY.)

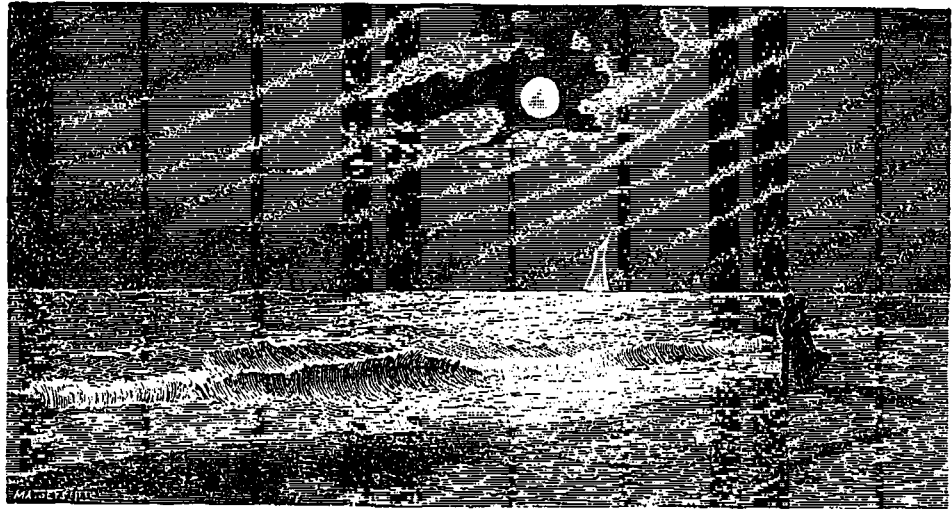
December Number

New Series, Vol. 2, No. 12.]

[Toronto, December, 1890.



A Merrie Christmas.



Father Christmas comes in a garment of light,
A plentiful Sheaf in his hand ;
To mark his way the moon shines bright
O'er sea and that fair Southern land.

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The TORONTO MOWER



Toronto Lith Co

• Massey's Illustrated •

(PUBLISHED MONTHLY.)

A Journal of News and Literature for Royal Homes

New Series.]

TORONTO, CANADA, DECEMBER, 1890.

[Vol. 2, No. 12.]

Old Towt's Thanksgiving.

As related by the Hero's Appreciative Friend and Faithful Coadjutor, Waxy Bill, who cheerfully vouches for the Truthfulness of the Story, in whole and in all its parts.

HE were an old heathen, old Towt Deatherage were. Me and him was pardes them times. Where he came from nobody knowed, and nobody cared to ask for pertickelers; he wa'n't that kind.

Old Towt wasn't purty—not to look at. It's my belief he were a way-down-easter, by rights—a long-legged, slab-sided, lantern-jawed Yankee; he had all the marks. His hair was fire-red, where 'twa'n't grizzly-gray. Ever seen eyes that was sharp as lightnin'? Well, them's Towt's. We was all scart of him up here in Soledad Diggins, and

the worst blarphemor in Soledad Diggings would be scart listening at such rip-roaring wickedness.

There wasn't only jest one thing in heavin or yearth that old Towt Deatherage was afeard on, and that was that so'thin' 'nother might happen to his little Nugget. For, ye see, when he clumb up into Soledad Diggings, with that lame old sorrel mule of hisn, he didn't bring nothin' with him—not to speak on,—'cept a big pair of shooting irons and a four-year-old baby, the purtiest mite of a yeller-

the boys useter to drop into our cabin nights and Sundays consid'able regular, and they alwus 'lowed to have so'thin' in their pockets for the little 'un.

She'd pretend to be so mighty independent and indifferent at first, and then, some way, she'd come up to one and 'nother, a-listening at their b'ar stories with big eyes; and mebbe she'd pat a feller on the cheek, like he was a baby, and then she'd give a little tug at 'nother feller's long whiskers; and so, bimeby, she'd be setting up on the aidge of the table, with her lap full of nuts and sugar-candies, like ary little queen.

And purty? She jest growed sweeter and purtier every minute.

No human ever sot by anything the way old Towt sot by that little cooin' girl-baby of his'n. He wasn't never jest right in his mind without he had her nigh him, and he'd set and eye her by the hour, and forgit to swear—yes, he would.

He never let her outen his sight till she was six or seven year old; then she knew every crook and turn as well as he did, and began to run about by herself when he was digging or blasting in the mine. Sometimes she'd get tired, and take the back trail to the cabin. But didn't her little voice sound like a angil's a-pipin' down the shaft, "Pappy! Say, you pappy! I'm going home!"

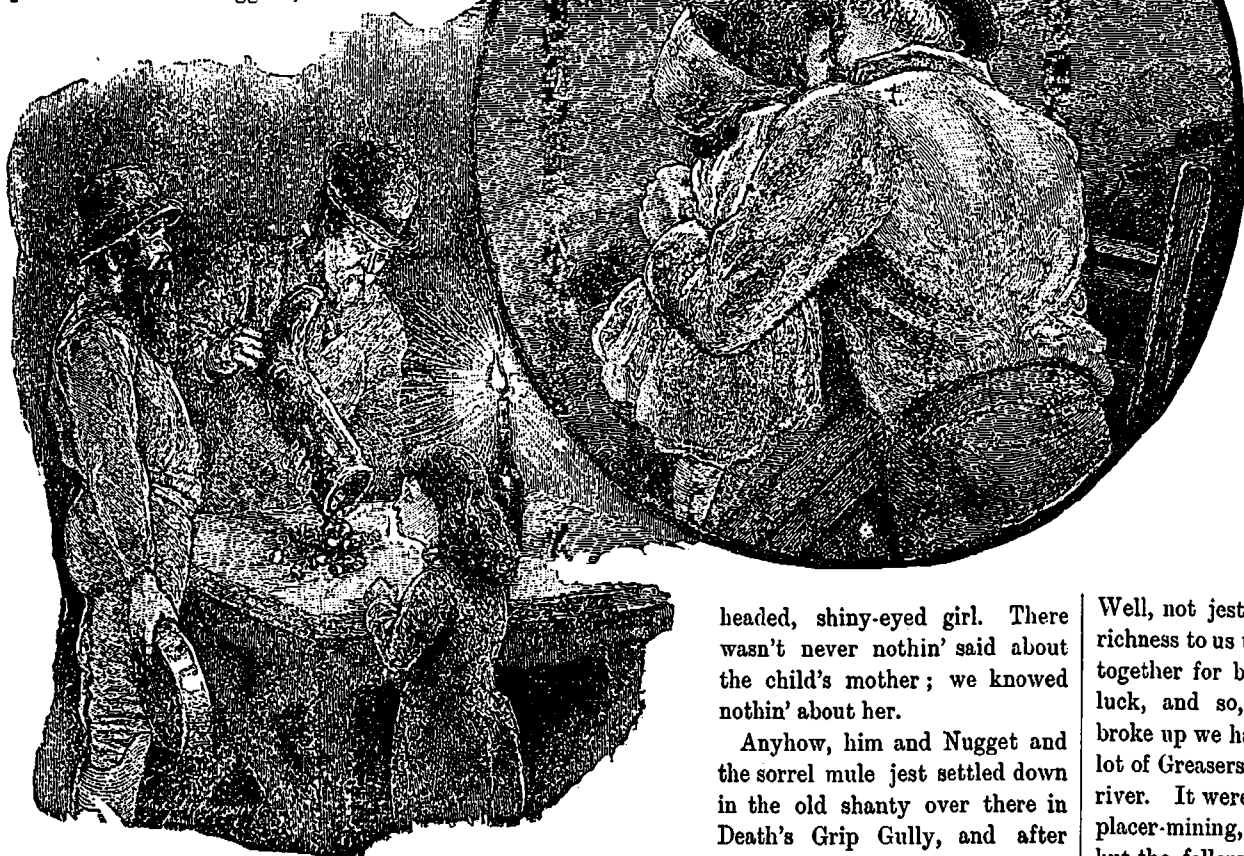
Then Towt he'd hef to climb out and kiss her goodby.

'Long about then we struck ore in the Blue Lightning. Rich?

Well, not jest off-hand, but a'most anything was richness to us then. You see, me 'n' Towt had stuck together for better'n three year. We'd had bad luck, and so, one way or 'nother, we got that broke up we had to grub-stake for awhile with a lot of Greasers that were placer-mining down the river. It were low-down business for a white man, placer-mining, and the grub was mean enough; but the fellers was all kinder good-natured, and they kept goats,—being Mexicans,—so Nugget had milk to drink, and was all right.

We spent the heft of the next summer opening up a new mine, and come fall we was pretty hard up. But we opened up the Blue Lightning, and things began to look promising, if we could hold out when the cold season came on. The weather was as good as gold, and we kept pegging away for dear life, day in and day out, until, first we knowed it was nigh onto Thanksgiving.

We went hungry, yes, sir. Many's the day we dug our stent with empty bread-baskets, and jest made up a hoe-cake after dark, afore we turned in. But the little 'un never knowed we was short o' coorn-meal and merlasses, you may be sure of that. Afore it settled down right cold, we was sure



headed, shiny-eyed girl. There wasn't never nothin' said about the child's mother; we knowed nothin' about her.

Anyhow, him and Nugget and the sorrel mule jest settled down in the old shanty over there in Death's Grip Gully, and after prospecting up mountain a spell,

him and me turned to and staked a claim as pardes, and sunk a shaft in the Lone Jack-Rabbit.

Ye never seen a cuter young'un than that little Nugget of Towt's,

Smart? Well, she were! And she jest wa'n't afeard at nothing, same as her pappy. Old Towt useter tote her on his back everywhere, up hill and down dell, jest wropping her in a b'ar-skin when 'twas cold; and she never whimpered. You couldn't 'a' told her from a boy, she was that sure-footed and steady on her legs; and then she had such cute and cunning' little ways, that nobody couldn't stand out agin her. The way she took to us rough old diggers was so'thin' to see. Some o'

we weren't so easy to scare, nuther—not by no means.

Not that he ever started no graveyards in these parts, but a feller knowed somehow, soon as ever he sot eyes on old Towt, that things had to go his way, or so'thin' had got to drap.

Nobody never asked no favors of him; he wa'n't that kind, nuther. Everything he had was as free as air. He were white—old Towt Deatherage were.

Swear? Well, if I was put onto my affydauid I should say he wore the worst swearer that ever I heard swear. Most times about every other word he spoke were a swear-word; but when he got riled,

that the Blue Lightning was bound to pan out big in the end, so there wa'n't nothing for it but to stay right there in Towt's old shanty till spring. So we scratched together every last grain o' the shiny that we could lay hands on, and put it in a old bootleg for winter fodder, and went on digging, me 'n' Towt did, 'lowing every day would be the last, and calkerlating we could get to the settlement and back to the camp with the grub afore we had to quit the mine for the winter.

Then old Towt hit his first streak of luck. It was along late in the afternoon, the twenty-sixth day of November,—I don't need no notch in my stick to remember that,—when he struck the pocket; and I'm a hoss-thief if he didn't pry out nuggets—yeller-gold nuggets—till he had a good handful.

Course I tried to take a hand, but my knife-blade broke, and I jest stood there, shaking and

—and I wanted to stop my ears at his blarphemous swearing.

Course I knowed he wouldn't be gone long and leave the young 'un; but when he walked into our cabin that very night, as right as a trivet, I was some surprised, and in the morning when we went past the little dug-out, which we'd used it for a cellar when we had any victuals to put into it, and I seen a board across the hole, and a stun bang-up agin the board, and a big white cross chalked onto the stun, I was some surprised.

That cross were old Towt's seal, and there wasn't a man in Soledad Diggings would have felt it safe to move that stun a hair with that er white cross onto it. So, as I was saying, we went on past the dug-out—Towt never giving a look that way, but romping with Nugget—and we clumb up to the mine and was just goin' to get down to work when what does that er little Nugget do but fasten onto old Towt and begin to ask questions about God and angils and things. She must 'a' learned about 'em somehow or 'nother afore she came to our diggin's.

"Pappy," says she, looking up there at a heap o' big white clouds, "Pappy, does the angils live in them there clouds?"

Old Towt kep' on, and didn't answer.

"A'nt they jest a dandy place for angils to play in? Wist I was up there," says she, soft-like.

Towt kinder twisted 'round and didn't let on as he heard.

"Who makes 'em, anyhow?" says Nugget.

Course I knowed the Lord was 'sponsible, and I kinder looked at Towt, shamed like,

cloud up there, dumb as a fish. His face kept getting red and all wrinkled up, but he couldn't seem to think of a swear-word. I dursn't skursely look at him.

There wasn't a word spoke for a consid'able spell after that, but Towt loafed around irresolute, which were some trying to me, being as I wanted to get to work. It had been damp and gray all the day before, and this morning it was some damper and grayer, and soft-like; but all of a sudden a kinder stinging wind lit down onto us, and Nugget 'lowed to go home, and home she started, whether 'r no.

Towt didn't do no great amount of talking after then, but he worked like a beaver, hunting everywhere for the pocket, for a spell, then says he:

"Come, old man, le's dig for the cabin. I can't seem to light on the lead, and it's no good digging on Thanksgiving Day, nohow."

I'd forgot all about it's being Thanksgiving, and anyhow, seemed to me that all we had to be thankful for was right there in that tunnel, and I was crazy to get to prying out nuggets ag'in, but I alwus made a pint of letting old Towt do the heft o' the bossing, so we started for the shanty.

Bout half-way down, the blizzard struck us. Snow and wind and the trail all choked up in no time. An' warn't it cold, too! And so dark and blurry-like you couldn't make out where ye was, only now and then. Towt he jest charged ahead, neck-or-nothing, and I tried to foller.

"Hold on, Towt!" I yelled ag'in the wind. "Hold up, now, ye long-legged cyclone-chaser! Let a feller ketch breath, can't ye?"

He grabbed ahold on me. "Old man," says he, "d'ye reckon she's got home?"

"Why, in course!" says I.

"If she haint"—says Towt, and the swear-words came out of his mouth a yard long, while he was all the while tearing ahead like a harrycane.

But when we got in and found she wasn't there—he never spoke a word but stood a minute dumb-founded and dazed-like, then him 'n me tore for the boys' cabins. We roused 'em out—every man Jack of 'em were ready to go it blind for little Nugget. We took lanterns and ropes and out we tumbled into the storm.

Talk about blizzards! I've been starved and froze and snowed under in these er mountains, but I never seen nothing could shake a stick at that Thanksgiving Day. Snow fine as dust, 'n' wind blowing all ways to onct, trails wiped clean out, and up there was jest one big gray blur. 'Twa'n't more'n jest turned afternoon, but we couldn't 'a' seen a headlight six foot off.

We hooted and stumbled over each other, and flared the lanterns round wild; one of the boys had a cowbell and one had a fish-horn, and we rung and tooted and yelled, but no sight or sound of little Nugget. And so, finally, when we'd made all the noise we could, and been everywhere, seemed like, the bulk on us gathered 'round the old deserted shaft of the Lone Jack-Rabbit Mine, with feelings which we dasn't let a-loose on. It were that deep we knowed, of course, little Nugget couldn't—but it wouldn't near thinking out, and we jest stood there, stupid as a passel of fools, and not one of us could think of a word to say.

Old Towt had been getting whiter and weaker every minute; and here he sunk down all of a heap, with his head atween his knees, and groaned the worst-afflicted groans I ever heard groaned it were fit to break your heart to listen at 'em—and we boys all went down onto our knees in the snow there aside on him, but not one of us could think of a word to say.

"Boys," says old Towt, as hoarse as ary frog, "boys, if 'taint too much trouble—O boys! can't none on ye pray?"

We wa'n't not to say gifted in prayer, none on us, but one o' the boys had been a meeting-goer back home, so as we were all kneeling there, he begun to say the Lord's Prayer and we all piled in after him, one way or 'nother. When we said "Amen!" old Towt kept sailing right on, and says he:

"O God A'mighty! gimme back my little Nugget. If ye will, I won't never swear another word, s'help me God! O God A'mighty? she's all I have—what's that?"

And Towt jumped up, hollering and sputtering and sprawlin' every which way. "I heard her! She's in the shaft, boys—the shaft!"



laughing, and pretending I wa'n't crying, a-looking at the gold as long as there was light to see it by.

Then we started for the shanty. I wanted to shout and sing over the good luck, but Towt, he kep' mum, and didn't open his mouth all the way, and weren't not to say a joyous companion.

Well, that night we baked a luxur'ous big hoe-cake, and we fried our last scrap o' bacon, which we made two scraps on it; then we sot down to talk it all over.

We piled up the nuggets in the middle of the table, and Towt found one with a hole in it, which he strung around little Nugget's neck; and we emptied the dust out o' the bootleg, and was counting it all over, and trying to make it seem true that we'd struck it rich, and I was 'lowing we'd be in the mine before sun-up, come morning, a-prying out nuggets again, when up jumps Towt, and says, says he:

"Old man, gimme my share of the slugs, and I'll light out o' this for a spell."

"Goin' home for your Thanksgiving?" says I, laughing.

I mout as well laugh, but my heart stopped beatin', and I got trembly all over, to think of old Towt startin' off fool-fashion, leaving them nuggets lying there in the pocket, waitin' to be picked up.

Howsomever, I wasn't fool enough to say anything rash to Towt, and we didn't squander any more words on the subject. We made a fair and square divy of the dust, and then Towt left the heft of his share on the table. "I'll be back in the spring," says he next morning, as he pulled on his boots, "and if ye let anything happen to Nugget"

but he kept pegging away and didn't say a word.

After a spell she asked again: "Who makes 'em, pappy? Pappy, who makes clouds?"

Old Towt looked round, sort of foolish, and says he: "God A'mighty!"

"Oh!" says Nugget, in a sorter disappoint'ed way. She'd heard that er name purty to'able often, kinder loose, ye might say. Then says she: "Does God A'mighty make the sky, too, and the moon and stars and— and gold-nuggets and every-thing?"

"Yes," says old Towt, mighty sheepish.

"But ye don't like God A'mighty, does ye, pappy?"

If ever I seen a confused man that man were old Towt. He jest sat down and eyed a big woolly

We were all crazy enough to jump into the hole in a heap, and Towt fit like a tiger to go down first, but we stopped him. I yanked a rope 'round my waist and the boys let me down purty considerable rapid, I tell ye. 'Twa'n't more'n two minutes afore I touched bottom and were screeching up like a mad Injun:

"All safe! Hist away!"

And, in a twinkling, old Towt had a-holt of little Nugget, a-laughing and a-crying and cavorting 'round, and a-hugging of her as no nugget wa'n't never hugged afore.

'Twa'n't nothing short of a miracle that her little bones wa'n't all broke up, and there she was, a-smiling at us, kinder sleepy like, over Towt's shoulder, and without ary scratch.

Well, up speaks old Towt, all choked up, as ye might say, and says:

"Boys, I'll never get even with you for this day's work, never!" says he. "But long as old Towt Deatherage has got a dollar to his back, you've got a dollar, too, and don't none on yer ever fergit it. I was 'lowing to have you all in to-night," says Towt, "to Nugget's Thanksgiving. So come round to my shanty bimeby, and don't fergit to bring your mugs and spoons."

With that we all filed home, old Towt leading

turkey all stuffed and roasted, which we sot it down before the fire to warm, and a sucking pig, ditto, which we hung it up a-top, and a ham which it we left cold.

There were real, white, baker's bread and butter, and 'tatoes, which we roasted them, and cranberry jam and coffee.

There were mince-pies and cheese, too, and a genuwine plum-pudden, which we heated up and passed it around in the can, and dug it out with our spoons. It was fearful good, so was the nuts and sweeties.

You never seen the ekal o' that dinner in yer borned days, and howsomever old Towt brung that load into the Diggings, without his mule, too, is a myster'ous mystery to me.

Well, so we had a big fire, a crackling, roaring, sweet-smelling fire of hemlock and juniper, and the good things was all steaming and sizzling and smelling sweeter than the fire or any other sweet thing, for the matter of that,—when in comes the boys stamping and shaking theirselves, and brushing off the snow.

Every digger in Soledad Diggings were there, and Gritty O'Goudy, from Shirt-Tail Gulch, and Tony Yankton and his tenderfoot brother from over Inquest way, which were grub-staking with

Ye see I couldn't help remembering the gist of that blessing, 'cause Towt got the feller to write it off, and he alwus asked it after that when we had ary meat in the shanty, if it wasn't more'n a bacon-rind.

Well, we all felt amazing good and thankful after that blessing, and somebody proposed three cheers for the tenderfoot feller that said it, but was a little doubtful of the proprieties, and some of the other boys hushed him up, and so the cheers didn't go off.

Then Towt sat little Nugget down on the bench alongside on him, and the way he used his knife in that turkey was a caution.

I weren't not to say idling the hours of youth away over the pig, and as for the ham, we didn't stop to make shavings of it, not by no means. Then every chap for himself, and each for all the rest was the word; and if we didn't have eating enough, and fun enough for a dozen good Thanksgiving dinners,—then I'm a sinner.

Old Towt he kept cutting turkey and cutting pranks, and cracking nuts and cracking jokes until nigh midnight, and semi-occasional he'd make a grab at little Nugget and hug the breath nearly outen her, and sometimes big tears would ro l down and drap offen his chin. Fin'ly the little 'un she



the percession with the little 'un on his shoulder. I poked the fire, and Towt sat down with Nugget in his yarms, a-crooning like, with the tears a-streaking down his lank, old jaws, till she went to sleep, and then he took her in and put her onto the bed.

"Now, old man," says he, "let's caper."

I done what he told me to,—I alwus made a pint o' that, but afore we had got the job done, that old Towt had laid out, I 'low I was about as surprised a critter as there was on top o' the yearth. First we took two long boards outen the floor from where they wouldn't be missed much, and put them acrost the top of two cheer, and when we'd covered them with a clean sheet,—Towt alwus would have sheets for Nugget,—we had a scrumtious and beautiful table, big enough for all of the boys. Then Towt rustled out somewhere in the snow, and when he came back he brought a yarmful of ground-pine and sich, which he frilled the table all 'round with it.

Then me 'n' him took turns tramping back and forth to the dugout, bringing in the things old Towt had hid there the night before; and when we had finished up the job and sat down, our eyes rested onto the roarin'est Thanksgiving dinner that ever ye seen.

It were a blooming success. There were a big

the Stringy Dan set, in Rattlesnake Tunnel. It was a crowd, I tell ye, and our little shanty was plum full.

Little Nugget she woke up jest in the nick o' time, and we sot her up on the end of the table. Old Towt stood up aside on her, and the rest all joined and circled round.

Towt laid holt of that big hunting-knife of his'n, and swung it round with a flourish; then, all to onct, 'afore he stuck it into the turkey, he stopped stock still a minute, looking queerish and confused like, and then he looks all round the table and says: "Boys," says old Towt, "can't none on ye say so'thia'?"

Everybody looked at everybody else, a-squirming and looking sheepish, and then at old Towt a-standing there as stubborn as a bucking burro. The sitivation were precar'ous, I tell ye.

Then up riz that tenderfoot brother of Tony Yankton and come to the front, and shut his eyes, and the beautiful blessing he asked on them victuals, I sha'n't never fergit it:

"Some have meat, more'n they can eat,
And some folks want a panful.
We have meat and we can eat,
And so,—Lord make us thankful."

Or words to that effect.

went off to sleep, and Towt took her up in his yarms, and stood up right tall, and says he:

"Boys," says he, "you heerd what I said out there, and I mean every word on it. This child has been give back to me this Thanksgiving day by God A'mighty. That sounds some like swearing," says Towt, speaking up, quick-like, "but 'taint. I've swore my last swear."

Then the boys gin three cheers for old Towt, and then I riz up as bold as a lion, and made 'em a little speech. I talked very reasonable to the boys. I told them 'twas my belief how that the Lord had a heap of work for old Towt to do yet, and He knowed He couldn't get a thing outen him without Nugget. And when He saw how real kinder attached they was to each other, He hadn't the heart to separate 'em, nohow. Then I told how I found Nugget down there safe and warm, and fast asleep on a soft fur cushin, which the Lord He put that cushin there in His own inf'nite mercy, if He did have ter make it outen Towt's lame, old sorrel mule.

And the boys all yelled and laughed, some on 'em a-sneaking their coat-cuffs acrost their eyes. Then we gin three cheers for little Nugget, and gripped hands, and so old Towt's Thanksgiving were done for.—*Youth's Companion.*

A TRIP IN SANTA CLAUS'S SLEIGH.

ROSTILY clear and cold, the Christmas stars twinkled overhead. Joyfully pealed the Christmas chimes from many a steeple, while "peace, good will to men" beamed from each face of the hurrying, bustling crowd, which thronged the busy streets in the gleam of the brilliant electric lights.

The Quentin family, like the rest of New York, were all out on a shopping expedition, making their last purchases for the great holiday, all except Karl who, a few days before, had slipped on the ice and sprained his ankle, so he was obliged to spend his Christmas eve at home, snug and warm by the bright coal fire, with a new and entertaining book of travels for company.

Karl was fond of reading about other lands, but gradually even this interesting employment failed and he found himself "nid, nid, nodding" over the pages, while he thought dreamily: "How jolly it would be to take a peep at all these countries to-night and see how the different nations are keeping their Christmas."

The idea had scarcely flashed through his brain when he heard a strange voice calling, "Karl! Karl Quentin!" and started up wide awake in an instant, while, a moment later, to his intense surprise, a curious little man wrapped in furs suddenly appeared on the hearth, and, doffing his cap politely, said, "I am Santa Claus, St. Nicholas, Kris Kringle or whatever you please to call me, and am at your service, sir."

"Very glad to see you, I am sure," stammered Karl, somewhat dazed.

"Thank you; I overheard your thoughts just now, and, as I like to please good boys at this season, I have come to invite you to visit with me some of the Christian lands where I am welcome on Christmas Eve. You must make up your mind quickly, however, for I have far to travel to-night, and my sleigh is waiting on the roof above. Will you go?"

"Of course I will," cried Karl, overjoyed at the idea, and forgetting all about his ankle, he jumped up and had on his overcoat and seal-skin cap in a twinkling, when, with a "Presto! Change!" Santa Claus transported him to the roof and tucked him up well in his snug little sledge. Five minutes later they were flying over housetops, behind the jolliest team the boy had ever dreamed of, for each steed was a winged reindeer, as fleet and agile as a creature well could be.

"It is bitter cold crossing the Atlantic," remarked Santa Claus, as a fierce sea blast struck them, "but we must look first after our little English cousins, who, by the way, call me Father Christmas instead of Santa Claus, as you Americans do; but you, I suppose, get the name from the good Dutch Knickerbockers. Fine old fellows they were, too! But there are the lights of London in the distance now."

Eagerly Karl leaned forward and gazed down upon the streets that were even more crowded than those of New York. In every shop shone the glossy green leaves and scarlet berries of the English holly, and groups of schoolboys home for the holidays, thronged the pavement, half wild with delight; while as they sped out into the country, sweet carols greeted their ears, sung by parties of choristers, going from house to house, while Tom, Emily and Gladys ran to the windows, crying, "The waits! The waits!" when suddenly

"All was hushed,
Save footfalls on the snow."

Whilst Santa Claus was engaged with his generous task of stocking filling, Karl caught glimpses of happy parties of young and old kissing beneath the mistletoe, playing at "Blind Man's Buff," "Hunt the Slipper," and "Magic Music," or gathered about the "Flaming Bowl of Snap Dragon," the blue light making fresh rosy faces look green and ghastly as they snatched at the burning figs and raisins.

It did not take long, however, to furnish the little Johnny Bulls with enough sweets to make them sick for a week, and then away they flew across the channel to the pleasant land of France.

"I generally give Paris a wide berth," said Santa Claus, "for the gay Parisians care more for their New Year gifts than for Christmas presents. Burgundy is my stronghold in this country," and they were soon among the modest cottages of

that province, and, themselves invisible, peered through the tiny window panes, and watched the little, fallow, black-eyed Maries and Victors as they knelt before the great *Souche* or Yule log, which blazed merrily in the wide chimneys and set forth their rude wooden shoes on the hearth, while the mothers patted each dark head, saying, "Be good, *mes enfants*, and Noel will ring down sugar plums in the night."

"And yet we will give them plenty, will we not?" said Karl, as he helped the good Saint untie the huge bonbon bag, which filled up all the back of the sleigh.

Away, then, from the little French brunettes to the fair-haired blondes of the Fatherland, and what a happy, merry set they seem, from rosy-checked Katrina, who still is not too old to enjoy the grandmother's fairy tales of *Pelzmantel*, *Rubezahl*, Santa Claus, and *Frau Holle*, which make

"The children's eyes grow round and bright,"
While they shout aloud with all their might,
Hurrah! 'Tis Christmas Eve to-night,"

down to Baby Max, wrapped up like a little white mummy, in



"I AM SANTA CLAUS."

his long, narrow pillow, tied with bands of sky blue ribbon. The fun grows louder as the time draws near for the revealing of the Christmas tree which our genial saint helps the parents prepare, carefully consulting each *Wunsch Zettel*, or list of desired presents, written out by the young folks themselves. The would-be soldier, Gustav, must have a miniature castle with moat and drawbridges, and regiments of wooden soldiers drawn up in martial array; Hilda, the little house-wife, a tin kitchen and an old doll that has been made over as good a new, by the doll doctor, while six-year-old Fritz, who next month leaves the kindergarten for the school, shall be treated to a hair satchel bearing his initials in bright, brass letters, and containing a slate and pencil, copy-book and sponge-box.

"How lovely it is," murmured Karl, as he gazed at the kindly German house-mother arranging plates of cakes for each member of the family, but Santa Claus whispered, "Hush! the *Christ-Kindchen* passes by!" and glancing up, the lad caught a vision of a childish form, with white robes and a fair little flaxen head that flitted by the windows, swinging a sweet toned, silver bell.

"What country is this?" asked Karl as, after a short drive, they stopped suddenly in a quaint appearing village, and he found himself surrounded by fantastically dressed girls and boys, the former with embroidered bodices, red skirt and

buckled shoes, and the latter in baggy trousers, jackets trimmed with coins, and small felt hats, all of whom sang loudly:

"Look! the morn shines through the trees
Children cease your noisy play,
The joyous moment has arrived,
St. Nicholas's happy, happy day,
With beating hearts we wait to see,
Who gets the cake, and whose the rod will be."

"This is Belgium, and you perceive I am expected," replied the Saint, pointing to a number of well polished shoes, which had been set out filled with hay and oats for the refreshment of the reindeers, and which they seemed thoroughly to enjoy, while their master replaced the contents with sweetmeats for the good and rods for the bad. "Queer youngsters are these too," continued Santa Claus, "for they like to receive their gifts in odd disguises, so I have hidden them in these cabbages, turnips and potatoes and even in bundles of hay." Briskly he then set to work, sometimes handing these vegetables in for the children himself, sometimes hanging switches over doors, and again setting on some doorstep a funny little figure, with bulged-out pockets filled to overflowing with cakes and goodies. A sounding rap proclaimed that St. Nicholas was without, but as the children dashed to the windows he disappeared in a shower of bonbons.

"Ha, ha! That was a first-rate scramble," laughed the Christmas Fairy, as he mounted into his sleigh once more and gathered up the reins. "The young folks of Holland had most of their presents on St. Nicholas's Day, so we will now skip over to Austria and Hungary, above all to the out-of-the-way province of Croatia, where they have some of the most unusual Christmas customs I know of."

"All right!" responded Karl, and he was deeply interested, as, wrapped in a corner of Santa Claus's mantle of invisibility, he watched a Croatian family at a peculiar home ceremony. With merry shouts the boys dragged in a huge log, sprinkled it with wine and thrust it into the great stove, while their sisters spread the table and set forth two loaves of fine white bread, signifying the Old and New Testaments, dishes of fruit and honey and tankards of wine, while in the center were placed three home candles and a cup filled with wheat, barley, and oats. Suddenly, a church bell near by rang forth a merry peal, and at the signal the whole family, headed by the grandparents, came trooping into the dwelling-room. Reverently the father lighted one taper and taking it in his hand, said, "Christ is born," while the others echoed in chorus, "Is born, really born!" In turn, each child took the candle and, standing on a bench by the stove, repeated three times, "Praised be the Lord! Christ is born!" to which all the rest responded, "Praise the name of the Lord forever, and may He grant thee life and health;" after which ceremony the supper was eaten with great zest and rejoicing.

"But Meinheer, are you not going to leave them any gifts?" asked Karl of his friend.

"It is not much the fashion here," replied Santa Claus, "though I have tucked a few

dried pears, apples and nuts away in sly corners, while you have been absorbed in watching them. They are really a good people here but superstitious, and to-morrow, Christmas Day, the second taper will be lighted. The father, saying a short prayer, will dip it into the cup of grain and whichever kind sticks to the candle he believes will yield the best crop next year. The third taper will be burned on New Year's day."

It seems odd that I can understand all the languages," remarked Karl, "but it is very convenient;" at which St. Nicholas smiled a knowing smile but said nothing.

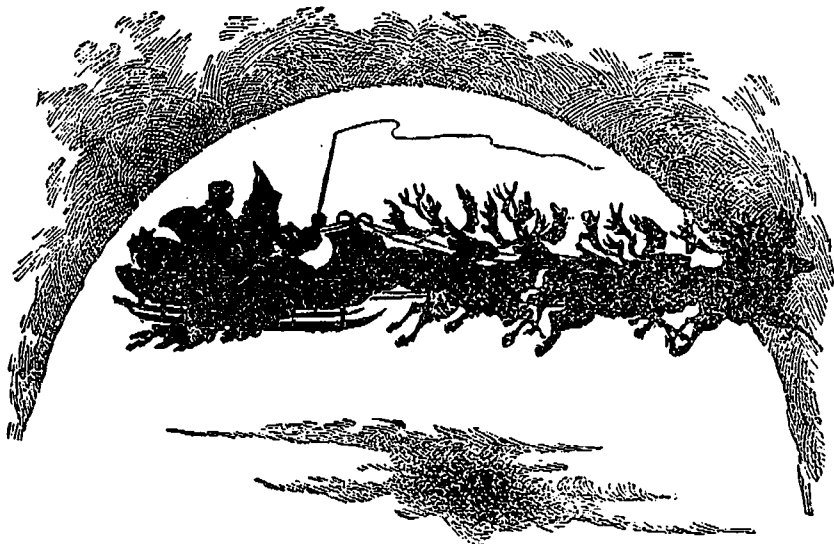
A flying trip was next made into Italy, where Karl saw the good people of Naples feasting on the *Capitone*, a large variety of eel which is the chief dish at the Christmas Eve supper. Karl also saw the daily decorated *presepio* or manger which is erected in every church as well as in every well-to-do house, and about which are clustered groups of wax figures representing the Holy Family, and listened with delight to the wild, weird strains played by the *Zampagnari*, or mountain shepherds, who at this time come down to perambulate the city streets in picturesque attire, and perform upon their bagpipes. There Santa Claus left bushels of hard honey candy, called *Torone*, and a delicious mass of plums, citron, almonds, sugar pine-seeds and pistachio nuts known as *pangiallo*, for the light

hearted, swarthy, little Italians who, with delight, hail the nativity of the *Santissimo Bambino* or Holy Christ-Child.

"Now, ho for the Northland and Russia, Sweden, Norway and Denmark," shouted Santa Claus, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow, and "Donder and Blitzen," the gay little deer, flew off as though they, too, loved the land where the snow flies.

The white tipped pinnacles and spires of St. Petersburg glittered brightly in the starlight as they passed down the frozen streets, and through the double windows could be seen

Just as Karl was opening his lips to beg that he might accompany the genial little gift-bearer to his own abode, and have a peep at flat, quaint Holland, he felt a blast of cold sea air and heard the roar of the ocean, while at the same instant the sledge came in contact with a huge iceberg. There was a tremendous shock, and the boy started up with a scream, to find himself by his own fireside, his brothers and sisters laughing and chattering around him, and his father shaking him by the shoulder, while he cried, "Come, come, Karl, wake up! You have been asleep here long enough."



SANTA CLAUS AND HIS REINDEER TEAM.

the gleam of the *samovar*, or great brass tea urn, from which the mother dispensed *tschai* or tea mixed with ginger, while little Alexander Alexandrovitch and Valeska Fedorovna, with their young friends, joined in pretty graceful dances, such as the *tressaker* or the *roosrala*. Karl was surprised, however, at the cheapness of the toys which Santa Claus saw fit to leave at these regal looking mansions. "But I get no credit even for these," he said, "as the children believe they come from *Baboucka*, a cross-grained old crone, with whom I dislike to be confounded."

Four o'clock struck as they sped through the pine forests and over the frozen lakes of Norway, and there was the jangling of sweet bells on all sides as sledges came from every direction, filled with good people on their way to the Christmas dawn service in the churches which now were all aglow with hundreds of candles. While the congregations were at their devotions, Karl and Santa Claus stole up to the neat cottages, where white curtains hung at the windows and all the tables were covered with snowy cloths, to toss in the doors useful and acceptable *Julkappes* or Christmas boxes for old and young, while in front of many a humble home they found a cake set out in the snow as a modest Christmas offering, of which they gladly partook, the long night ride having given them the keenest of appetites.

Sweden was much the same, but the sun was rising as the magic sledge crossed the *Norriska Fullen* mountains, church was over and the little Adolfs, Gottfrieds, and Ingeborgs were eagerly watching the fastening of a sheaf of wheat upon a tall pole, that even the dear little birds of the air might share in the glad yule-tide cheer.

"Nice, generous folks these!" remarked the good saint approvingly, and slipping into the poorer cottages he shook a magic lance over the Christmas dinners which made the salt fish, served with horse-radish, the pork, milk, and yule-groats, taste as delicious to the simple peasants as the dainties of the rich, while in the children's shoes were hidden many desired treasures.

"It is growing too light for us to pause in Denmark," said Santa, as they sped away from Scandinavia, "and it matters little, as the young Danes soon leave off playing with toys, and yesterday I sent my servant Ruprecht there with a whole bale of fairy books and pretty legends, which the parents have probably distributed ere this."

But as they passed over Copenhagen, Karl looked down and saw many merry parties of boys and girls who were spending their holidays in the public gardens, sliding on the *Montagne Russ*, or Russian railway, on which run trucks furnished with comfortable arm-chairs. Two rode together, and seemed to find the rapid rush down one hill and up another the greatest of sports, while out in the rural portions of the country, every cow, dog and cat seemed to be lowing, barking and mewling for joy, for in Denmark animals are always given an extra allowance of food on Christmas day.

"Christmas Eve is over, and now for America, and then home," exclaimed Santa Claus

"Asleep indeed!" cried the lad, indignantly. "Why, I have been traveling all over the world!" and he proceeded to relate the incidents of his interesting journey.

"A wonderful dream, truly!" said Mr. Quentin, "but nothing but a dream, induced by the book of travels you have been reading."

This, however, Karl disclaimed with scorn, and as later he found that the Christmas customs of the lands he visited are indeed just as he witnessed them, he will always believe that on that memorable night he actually took a trip in Santa Claus sleigh.

Sunrise in the Thompson Canyon.

NEXT morning (Oct. 24, 1890) I rose at 6 a.m. We were just entering the Thompson Canyon. The mountains on either side were clothed at their base in all their autumn grandeur, and at one point the sight baffles description. There was the deep gorge five or six hundred feet below—there was the verdure covered base of the mountains and the clouds above, and towering above the clouds in all their majestic grandeur were the snow covered mountain peaks—jutting out in startling prominence. And grander still, as we were passing, the morning sun just lit them up and made them still brighter and glistening, especially in contrast to the morning twilight in the gorge below. The sheen of the morning sun slowly spreading down and down, past the glistening snow, past the dark green pines, till it reached and gilt with a golden tint the rich autumn colors of the foliage of the woods below. It was a sight that will not soon be forgotten. May it be the will of the Father that the Light of the Cross will so spread.

"O live for those who love you,
For those who know you true,
For the heaven that bends above you,
And awaits your coming too;
For the good that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that you may do."

—W. Taylor.

Golden Opportunities.

Many times I sit and wonder
Why we live our lives asunder
From the purest bliss that fills the human breast.
Why we close the golden portal
To the joys that are immortal,
Shutting tightly up within us, all that's best.



"HUSH! THE CHRIST-KINDCHEN PASSES BY."

Old Santa Claus.

OLD Santa Claus is a merry wight,
And his reindeers merrily go
Over the cottage roofs by the moon's pale light,
Through December's frost and snow;
He comes from a land of cold and night,
But he comes good gifts to bring;
And hearts grow warm as amid the storm
His sleigh-bells merrily ring.

The children's stockings hang up in a line,
Where the ruddy embers glow;
Where the bright stars shine with a light divine
On our human joys and woe.
And many a curly head nestles with hope
On its pillow of soft repose,
And this merry wight through the winter night,
On his journey of love still goes.

Many words remain unspoken,
That would be the happy token
Of the good will which we bear to one another,
And the little acts of kindness
We overlook in our blindness,
Would go so far to help a weaker brother.

Precious moments fast are fleeting;
Let us give a cheery greeting,
And extend to all we can, a helping hand.
Let all hate and envy perish,
Only kindest feelings cherish,
And our hearts, beneath their sunshine, will expand.

Let us gather every treasure,
Filling up the brimming measure
With the jewels scattered all along our way.
They will fill our lives with sweetness,
And, in their grand completeness,
Turn night into the glad and glorious day.

F. F. Toronto.



KINDLE the Yule fires, set ringing the chimes
Under the larches or blossoming limes,
Under blue tropical skies—or the gray
Dome of the north—breaks the glad Christmas day;
Bells, from your tall campaniles, ring clear—
Tell to the earth—"Merry Christmas is here."

Branches of holly and tassels of pine,
Cedar and laurel and mistletoe twine;
Stately young firs from the dim forest bring,
Fringes of palm from the groined arches swing.
Waits, with your seraphic voices draw near—
Carol it forth—"Merry Christmas is here."

Kindle the torches—loud carillons ring—
Hearts all aglow, to the altar, O bring:
Outpour the flagons of plenty, to ease
Pitiless hunger and wasting disease;
Herald it—echo it—throughout the sphere—
"Christmas, the world's blessed feast-day, is here!"



OUR CLUBBING LIST.

THE attention of our readers is particularly drawn to our Clubbing List, containing the leading weeklies and monthlies published in Canada and the United States. By subscribing for the ILLUSTRATED you will obtain these periodicals at greatly reduced prices and also save yourselves the trouble of making two or more different remittances to the different publishers. We have not been able to make these favorable arrangements without considerable trouble and expense, but if by thus helping our patrons to obtain their periodicals at a cheaper rate we can convince them that we are always desirous of promoting their interests, we will be more than satisfied. Now is the time to subscribe and we fully expect that a very large number of our readers will avail themselves of the favorable opportunity thus offered them. Regarding the ILLUSTRATED we may say that it will be made more and more entertaining and instructive and to that end a serial story by a celebrated author will be published, commencing in our next issue; also special contributed articles of great interest. All the departments will be kept up to the high standard they have attained, and nothing will be wanting to make the ILLUSTRATED the most popular Family Magazine and the finest illustrated monthly published in the Dominion.

A Merry Christmas to all.

SINCE the meeting of the General Conference in Montreal last September, the Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto, makes another stride forward in its popular periodicals. A new paper for young people, with the progressive name "Onward," an eight-page, well illustrated weekly, is issued at the low price of 60 cents a year, singly—over 5 copies. 50 cents a year. It is edited by the Rev. Dr. Withrow, whose management of the *Methodist Magazine* and Sunday-school periodicals of the Methodist Church has been so successful.

THE Manitoba Government issued a few days ago its third crop bulletin, giving the result of the harvest. The wheat yield was 14,669,769 bushels; oats, 9,513,433; barley, 2,069,415. The average yield of wheat per acre was 20.1 bushels; of oats, 41.3; barley, 31.1. Even with the great shrinkage, caused by frost and continuous wet weather, the average yield per acre is far above the most favored states in the neighboring republic, while the quality is greatly superior. There is no doubt that, with the improvements in farming and farming machinery now being made, a few years will see our North-West the great wheat growing centre of this continent.

THE British farmer delegates have fulfilled their mission to this country. Ample opportunities were afforded them of gathering such information as would enable them to thoroughly enlighten their fellow-countrymen regarding the vast resources and capabilities of the Dominion for industrious settlers. At a dinner given the delegates by the mayor and citizens of Ottawa on the eve of their departure for home, they all spoke enthusiastically of the great pleasure they had derived from their visit, and were unstinted in their praise of our country. There is not the slightest doubt but that the visit of these representative men will be productive of much good, and will materially help to dispel the false impressions which most people in the old country unfortunately have regarding our climate and resources. While in Toronto the delegates visited the establishment of the Massey Manufacturing Co., and after a thorough inspection of the various departments, they expressed their surprise and astonishment at the immense proportions of the works, and the great pleasure they had experienced in their visit.

HON. GEORGE E. FOSTER, Minister of Finance, is now in the West Indies, negotiating for reciprocal trade with the various islands. This will open at least one new market for our agricultural produce and manufactures. The British West Indies take from the United States \$16,000,000 worth of produce annually, their principal purchases being: animals, \$307,000; bread and biscuits, \$297,000; corn and cornmeal, \$489,000; oats, \$60,000; wheat and flour, \$2,084,000; carriages, \$79,000; chemicals and drugs, \$82,000;

fish, \$96,000; hay, \$29,000; beef, \$200,000; pickled pork, \$605,000; lard, \$231,000; dairy products, \$362,000; vegetables, \$118,000; lumber and furniture, \$850,000. Our trade with these islands is, on the other hand, insignificant, amounting to about \$1,600,000. It will be thus seen that we will be able to prosecute a much more extensive trade with all the islands if Mr. Foster's mission is successful.

THE Canadian exports of live cattle during the season just closed, from the port of Montreal, have reached 123,627 head, being 37,959 head more than last year, and the largest of any previous year. Thirteen years ago the business of shipping live cattle to Great Britain was beginning to develop from its experimental stage; the exports in that year (1877) being 6,940 head. The following year the figures reached 9,000 head, and now it has assumed the gigantic proportions of 123,627 head as the result of the season's operations from Montreal alone. Strong efforts are being made by the United States to secure admission for American live cattle to the British markets, but the British Minister of Agriculture declares that neither threats nor blandishments will induce the Imperial Government to admit cattle which may possibly bring disease with them. Fortunately the market remains open to our live cattle, as nothing has occurred to shake the faith of the British authorities in the soundness of our stock.

THE Republicans in the United States have been hoisted with their own petard. In the States elections last month the Democrats carried the country by an overwhelming majority, the defeat of the Republicans being attributed mainly to the McKinley tariff bill. Among the defeated candidates was Major McKinley, the father of the obnoxious bill. Although it is too much to expect that the bill will be repealed in its entirety, still there is every reason to hope that it will be considerably modified and otherwise altered by the next Congress. A remarkable feature of the elections was the introduction of a new political factor in the shape of the National Farmers' Alliance and the election of a large number of candidates nominated by the farmers in opposition to the regular party nominees. The President of the Alliance reports that the next Congress will contain thirty-eight straight Alliance men, to which number must be added twelve or fifteen who will support Alliance measures. What the farmers' organizations particularly ask for is a fair adjustment of taxation so that the poor will not be oppressed and the rich benefited. They also ask for other reforms which are looked upon as socialistic in their character. It is apparent from the success which attended their efforts in electing to the next congress fifty men pledged to support their measures, that they have become thoroughly aroused to the necessity of concerted action for the protection and advancement of their own interests. The Democrats have secured a majority so great in the new House that they will be completely independent of the representatives of the Alliance, but if the two great par-

ties had been nearly evenly divided these men would have held the balance of power and been masters of the situation. The Alliance, which was formed in St. Louis about a year ago by the amalgamation of several smaller organizations of a like character, has a membership of about two million.

NORTH-West members of parliament have been continually urging upon the Dominion Government the necessity of the adoption of some vigorous emigration policy with the view of peopling our vast territories with hardy settlers, and their efforts are, it would appear, in a fair way of being crowned with success. The Minister of Agriculture has completed an arrangement for a special colonist bonus or rate to immigrant settlers on land in Manitoba, the North-West, and British Columbia to be payable after actual settlement, on satisfactory proof of this fact. For the head of the family it will be \$15, and for each member of the family at and over the adult age of 12 years, \$7.50, with an additional bonus of \$5 to any member of the family who subsequently takes up a homestead within six months after arrival in Canada. It is confidently believed that these bonuses will result in a marked increase in immigration next year. The Allan and Dominion steamship companies, in conjunction with the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, have also made a proposition to the Minister of Agriculture to bring out actual settlers next season at the exceptionally low rate of \$17 per head for adults and a proportionate rate for children, for transportation from Liverpool to Winnipeg, provided they obtain some government aid in carrying out the scheme.

DURING the past decade rapid strides have been made in medical science. After years of patient research and experiment discoveries have been brought to light of incalculable benefit to mankind. Within the past month the civilized world has been profoundly stirred by the announcement that Professor Koch, the eminent German scientist, has discovered a wonderful remedy for that fell disease, consumption. Hundreds of patients have been flocking to Berlin to reap the benefit to be derived from his invention, with, in many instances, gratifying results. Many leading physicians from different parts of Europe, America and our own Dominion have also gone to the German capital to make themselves acquainted with the process of treating the patients. Vice-Chancellor Mulock of Toronto University, with characteristic generosity, offered to bear the expense of sending Prof. Ramsay Wright to Berlin with the view of securing to Canada at the earliest possible moment all the benefits to be derived from the discovery. The offer was accepted by the Medical Faculty of the University and leave of absence granted Prof. Wright, who left on his mission on November 25th. He will send to his colleagues in Toronto frequent reports of his progress which will be looked forward to with eagerness by thousands in this country.

A MOST important experiment regarding the feeding of swine was begun at the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, on January 19, 1890, and closed on May 31, covering a period of 134 days. The results have just been made known. The animals selected for the experiment were Berkshire grades and pure Berkshires, bred upon the farm, the former being farrowed October 4, 1889, and the latter September 13. The following are the more important of the conclusions from the experiment: That it will pay the farmer well to feed swine of the age indicated, and at the season of the year corresponding, on a ration of pease, barley and oats ground, and wheat middlings, in the proportions of 2, 1, 1 and 1 parts, respectively, as the gain in this instance was 38.9 per cent. on the investment in 134 days. That feeding swine for 134 days on a mixed meal ration similar to that above referred to is more than twice as profitable as feeding them on a ration of equal parts of ground meal and barley, and more than six times as profitable as feeding them on a ration of equal parts of the same two grains unground. That in feeding swine, a mixed meal ration comprising several kinds of grain, properly blended, is far superior to one com-

posed of but two varieties of the same, even though these two may form important ingredients of the more comprehensive ration. That in feeding swine of the age indicated a mixed meal ration, that is well balanced, will prepare them for market in a far shorter period than one of either ground or unground grains not so balanced. That feeding pure bred swine is more profitable than feeding grades.

A BULLETIN issued a few days ago by the Ontario Bureau of Industries deals with the yield of grain and roots, the new crop of fall wheat, condition of pastures, live stock and other matters. Correspondents are not of one mind regarding the quality of the various grain crops, but the majority of the reports are to the effect that the results of the threshing are a disappointment. The wet weather of June and July caused considerable rust, which resulted in a more or less shrunken grain, especially in the case of spring wheat and oats. The quality of fall wheat is more favorably commented upon than that of any other cereal, many correspondents giving instances where this grain has gone several pounds per bushel over weight, but the yield generally is less than was anticipated. Spring wheat is a comparative failure, for while in some cases a good yield of fair quality is reported the majority of reports speak of a light return much below the standard weight. In the lake districts the midge did injury in addition to rust, and in the St. Lawrence and Ottawa counties the joint worm left evil effects. As a rule correspondents report a considerable discoloration of barley, especially among late sown. There is a divided house on the question of the two-rowed barley now being tested for the British market. While a few glowing accounts are given as to yield and quality, by far the greater number of returns class it as no better than the six-rowed variety and it has the disadvantage of taking a week or ten days longer to mature. Oats have proved a great disappointment, as the yield is not so large as was hoped for, and the berry is quite small and light. The straw is considerably rusted, which will injure it for feeding purposes. A blight also attacked the crop in various sections east and west, and further reduced the yield. Rye is mentioned by only a few correspondents, but generally in a favorable way. Peas have been attacked in nearly every district by the bug, the least complaints regarding the pest coming from the river counties. The crop also suffered much from rain on low and undrained lands, although on high and sandy soils a good yield was the rule. There has been a considerable increase in average of the new crop of fall wheat, and the condition of the ground at the time of sowing, except on clay land which was rather dry and stiff, was most suitable for a good start. The revised estimates of cereal and leguminous crops show lower yields than the estimates of August, but it is only in spring wheat and oats that the decrease is material. The yield of spring wheat is 2,000,000 and of oats nearly 4,000,000 bushels less than the August estimate. The averages of spring wheat, oats, peas, corn, buckwheat, and beans are greater than their respective averages of the nine years 1882-90, while those of fall wheat, barley, and rye are less. Fall wheat and buckwheat are the only crops whose yield per acre is greater than the average of nine years, while peas, corn, buckwheat and beans are the only crops whose aggregate yield is greater than the average of the same period. The yield of the several crops is as follows:—fall wheat 14,267,383 bushels or 19.8 bushels per acre; spring wheat 7,683,905, or 12.8; barley 15,600,169, or 22.2; oats 52,768,207, or 28.0; rye 1,563,345, or 15.2; pease 15,389,313, or 19.7; corn (in the ear) 14,011,181, or 62.6; buckwheat 2,053,720, or 22.8; beans 761,341, or 19.3; potatoes 17,561,117, or 111.1; mangel-wurzels, 11,594,518, or 447; carrots 4,210,543, or 352; turnips 47,040,563, or 424; hay and clover 4,305,915 tons, or 1.75 tons per acre. The average and aggregate yield of all the root crops are greater than their annual averages for the nine years, and in yield per acre the potato crop alone is under the average, due to the excessive wet season, and the quality of the tuber has suffered for the same reason.



- 1st.—Death of Rev. Father Vincent, ex-Superior of St. Michael's College, Toronto.
- 2nd.—Wm. O'Brien and John Dillon, the fugitive Nationalist M.P.'s., arrive in New York.
- 3rd.—Four persons killed and several injured through a collision between a freight and an express, near Syracuse, N.Y. . . . First snowfall of the season in Montreal.
- 4th.—In the United States state elections the Democrats literally sweep the country, Major McKinley being among the defeated candidates.
- 5th.—Opening of the Quebec Legislature. . . . One man killed and two injured by a collision between a C.P.R. freight engine and passenger train near Owen Sound.
- 6th.—Thanksgiving Day throughout the Dominion. . . . Henry M. Stanley, the explorer, arrives in New York.
- 7th.—Mr. T. Trudeau appointed Chief Engineer of Canals in place of the late John Page.
- 8th.—Destructive fire at Pictou, N.S.; a prisoner in the police station burned to death.
- 9th.—Death of Mr. James Stewart, formerly joint proprietor of the Montreal Herald.
- 10th.—Mr. Joseph Savory installed as Lord Mayor of London, Eng. . . . The British farmer delegates banqueted by the Mayor and citizens of Ottawa prior to their departure for home.
- 11th.—Magnificent reception tendered Mr. Henry M. Stanley in New York. . . . Death of Mr. Josiah Blackburn, managing editor of the Free Press, London, Ont. . . . Ten persons killed and eight injured by a collision on the Great Western railway, near Fouten, England. . . . Petition withdrawn in the North Renfrew local election case.
- 12th.—Wreck of the British torpedo boat, *Serpent*, off the coast of Spain, and 247 lives lost. . . . News received that Capt. Lindall and the quartermaster of the steamer *Vancouver* had been washed overboard and drowned during a heavy gale on the passage from England.
- 13th.—Death of Justice O'Hagan, the eminent Irish jurist, and head of the Land Commission.
- 14th.—Reginald Birchall, who murdered F. C. Benwell, hanged at Woodstock, Ont.
- 15th.—Financial panic in London, England, and New York, caused by the critical condition of Baring Brothers, bankers. . . . In the great Winnipeg libel case of Attorney-General Martin against Mr. Luxton of the Free Press, the jury fail to agree, and are discharged.
- 17th.—Charles Stewart Parnell, the Irish leader, found guilty of adultery with Mrs. O'Shea, and decree of divorce granted to Captain O'Shea. . . . Petition in the Kingston and South Essex local election trials dismissed.
- 18th.—Crisis in the London and New York money markets considered over. . . . Settlers in North Dakota arming themselves in view of threatened uprising by the Indians.
- 19th.—Marriage of Princess Victoria, sister of Emperor William of Germany, to Prince Adolphe, of Schaumburg-Lippe. . . . Bishop Bond, of Montreal, celebrates the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination, and is presented with a purse of \$4,000.
- 20th.—Disastrous fire at St. Boniface, Man.; loss \$10,000. . . . One thousand turkeys shipped as an experiment from Montreal to the Scotch markets.
- 21st.—Petition in the West Kent local election trial withdrawn.
- 22nd.—Ald. Andrews and wife, Winnipeg, drowned while skating on the Assiniboine river. . . . Destructive fire in Brussels, Ont.; loss, \$20,000. . . . Death of J. B. Freeman, M.P.P., of North Norfolk.
- 23rd.—Death of the King of Holland.
- 24th.—Petition in the West Middlesex local election trial withdrawn, and that in East Hastings dismissed. Judge Kilham gives judgment declaring that the Act passed by the Manitoba Legislature, abolishing separate schools, is valid.
- 25th.—Great excitement in parliamentary circles in England over Mr. Parnell's decision not to resign the leadership of the Nationalist party. . . . The Imperial Parliament re-assembles. . . . Six men killed and several injured by a boiler explosion in a mill near St. John, N.B.
- 26th.—Influenza epidemic reported to be spreading rapidly in Austria. . . . Destructive fire at Elora, Ont.; loss \$10,000.
- 27th.—Henry M. Stanley lectures to a large and enthusiastic audience in Toronto. . . . Petition in the East Middlesex local election case dismissed, and the East Durham election voided.
- 28th.—Eight thousand coal miners in Alabama ordered out on strike. . . . The Montreal High School building destroyed by fire; loss \$100,000. . . . Mr. Parnell issues a manifesto to the Irish people, containing a masterly appeal to prejudices.
- 29th.—The German Government decide to establish factories for the manufacture of the Koch consumption lymph. . . . Mr. Gladstone issues a manifesto in reply to Mr. Parnell. . . . Heavy snowstorm in Paris, France; all railway traffic impeded.



Winter Feeding Structures.

THERE are many who have comparatively few animals to feed through winter, who suffer loss by not providing convenient arrangements for the purpose. They may not need the magnificent structures which extensive landowners are able to secure, but there are many smaller fixtures which may be had at little expense, and will prove important aids by way of economy, in preventing the waste of food and in contributing to animal comfort.

Those who feed their animals in sheltered yards or under sheds, may employ racks for retaining the fodder, which may also be provided with troughs for holding grain or meal when it is fed separately. Those who appreciate neatness will desire to construct such racks as present a neat appearance. Such a one is represented in fig. 1, of a rack for

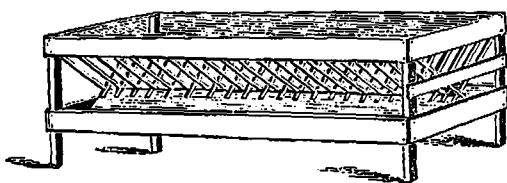


FIG. 1.

feeding sheep. The posts may be of hemlock or other timber, 2 by 4 inches, and 3 feet long. The boards must be planed on the edges, so as not to catch the wool. The end pieces may be boards a few inches wide and 31 inches long. The long bottom boards will make a tight bottom, and the posts will be about three feet long. The slats are 22 inches long and 2 1/4 wide. All the feed that drops through the slats is caught in the trough, and afterwards eaten by the sheep.

Fig. 2 is a cross-section of this trough, showing

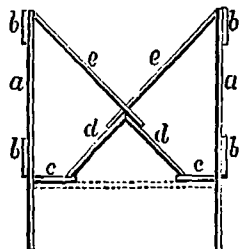


FIG. 2.

the 12-inch space at *a*, through which the sheep pass their heads for the fodder in the rack; *b b* are the long boards; *c c*, flat bottom; *d d*, inclined bottom, and *e e*, slats. The flat boards are about 8 inches wide, and the inclined ones, *d d*, are 11 inches. The length of this rack will correspond with the length of the boards used in constructing it, and it will feed about two small sheep for every foot of running length, but for large sheep about 16 inches are required.

A modification of this rack is made by covering tight with boards the part of the slats over the heads of the sheep, thus preventing the hay-seed from dropping down on their heads and wool. An advantage is likewise gained by separating the spaces for the sheep from each other, by nailing an

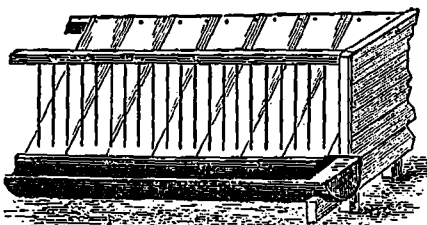


FIG. 3.

inch board upright for each space, leaving 7 inches opening for each sheep, and thus allowing 16 inches for each, which would be required for large breeds.

(The upright boards at each end would of course be only half as wide as the others.)

Fig. 3 represents another rack, having some advantages over the one just described. The front, from which the sheep feeds, is vertical, so that the hay-seed cannot fall into the wool. The back side

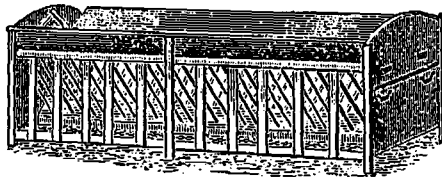


FIG. 4.

is boarded tight, and has a slope for the hay to fall down against the rack. The feeding trough is in front and separate, so as to be turned over for cleaning. The attendant walks behind and fills the space with hay.

Another and more elaborate sheep-rack is represented by fig. 4, the construction of which is shown in sections by figs. 5 and 6. In both these cross

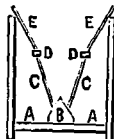


FIG. 5.

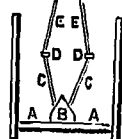


FIG. 6.

sections *A A* are the feed boxes; *B* and *D D* the timbers receiving each end of the rounds *C C*; *E E*, folding boards, represented open in fig. 5 and shut in fig. 6, for sweeping the troughs or boxes. The boards being mostly only half an inch thick, the whole feeding rack is quite light and easily moved. The following dimensions of the different parts will enable the reader to understand the construction without difficulty: The 3 posts on each side are 2 by 3 inches and 38 inches high, leaving 30 inches high above the bottom; the side horizontal inch boards are 3 and 5 inches wide; the vertical slats are 5 inches wide; bottom cross-pieces, 2 by 3 inches; the 3 rounds are 5/8 inch, and 15 inches long, and are 4 inches apart from centre to centre; the folding boards or "leaves" are a foot wide and half an inch thick. Doors at the ends allow sweeping out the dust. Such a rack will cost about \$10. These different racks have been in use many years.

FOR FEEDING CATTLE.

A diversity of models is adopted, including the mangers for receiving the contents of the silo or other chopped feed, and feeding racks in barnyards and under sheds. For securing them in their stalls, a halter is recommended by many, as allowing the animals more liberty to turn about, but rendering them more liable to come in contact with their

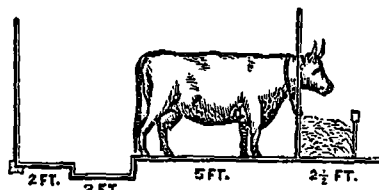


FIG. 7.

droppings. Many prefer the sliding halter (fig. 7), and others again choose the swinging stanchions, which are gradually coming into use. The manger

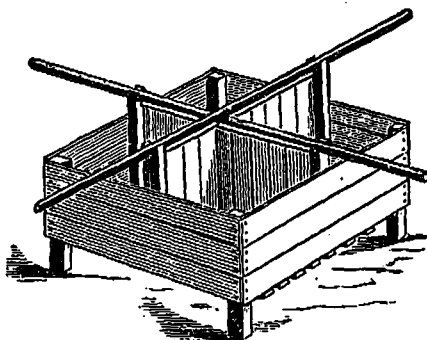


FIG. 8.

represented in fig. 7 should have a bottom eight or ten inches higher than the floor the animals stand on, for convenience to the animal and for economy

for the food. Many farmers still allow their cattle the free run of the barnyard, in which case feeding troughs are essential for preventing the waste of fodder. They are constructed in many forms, one of which is represented in fig. 8, which nearly explains itself, and which any farmer may easily construct. Four cows may eat from it at a time, the two poles set at right angles serving as guards to prevent the animals from chasing one another around the structure. A better and simpler form is to allow the four corner posts to project upwards a foot or so above the trough, and fasten the guards to these posts.

VENTILATORS IN STABLES.

Are often of much importance to the purity of the air and the health of the animals, and they may

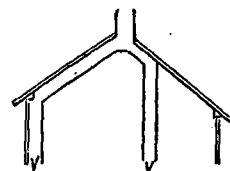


FIG. 9.

be provided with little expense. As the portion above the building should be at the peak or centre; and as the trunk or tube should be at one side and not in the middle of the barn or stable where it would be in the way, it may be made to pass from the side up to the peak in the manner represented in fig. 9, occupying but little space immediately under the shingles.

It has been proved by experiments that smut in oats is prevented by soaking them in a solution of four ounces of sulphate of copper in one gallon of water or half an ounce of caustic potash in six gills of water. Soak in the first about 30 hours and in the second 20 hours.

The following method for destroying field mice and rats has been successfully tried in England: Cut sponge in pieces of about the size of a small chestnut, and fry them in drippings where the mice or rats are troublesome. To get the drippings they have to swallow bits of the sponge. These swell and kill them.

In the house-culture of plants a serious question is, how to keep the red spiders away. Every precaution to prevent their attacks should be used, such as keeping a kettle or saucers of water among the pots. Sponges filled with water and placed among the branches of large plants have a very noticeable effect, as the evaporating comes directly in contact with the leaves of the plant, so that the spiders become discontented and leave.

A CORRESPONDENT in a contemporary gives the following as a sure preventive of injury to young trees by rabbits: Take equal parts of soft soap, sifted ashes and flour, (the lowest grade as good as any), and knead the whole into a paste. The hands have to be used, and the hands also have to apply the composition to the stems. Thickness to be about one-fourth of an inch—not less. Sometimes calves or hounds will lick it off before it dries. Sudden, washing rains may do the same thing, but let it dry once and no rabbit will touch it, provided it is applied as high up as one of them can reach, standing on his hind legs. But few persons can stand it more than an hour or so at a time, as it corrodes the hands rapidly; but when dry, the corrosive power ceases to exist.

DURING the winter tools should be looked after to see that snow cannot blow in upon them. Plows and cultivators especially, should be well sheltered, as well as greased or painted to prevent rusting. Much annoyance is often occasioned in spring by rusty plows, when it was thought sufficient precaution had been taken to prevent rusting. Moisture in damp weather and melting snows blown through small crevices wear off a light coating of oil, and before spring enough rust has gathered to cause much annoyance in black prairie soils. Axle-grease, or a mixture of tallow and white lead, makes an efficient covering for polished steel surfaces, and when wanted in the spring an application of coal oil applied a few hours before will cause the covering to rub off easily.

Livestock.

FARMERS who have had the foresight and good judgment to raise a supply of beets, pumpkins or turnips can now get a good price for them by feeding to hogs. Commence with a small feed and increase it a little every day, until they get accustomed to the change. Do not change all at once from corn to some other feed, but gradually replace about one-half the corn with something else. The best breeders agree that sows and breeding stock should not be fed entirely on corn for more than a few days at a time.

WALKING with many horses is a habit; in fact it is so with all horses to a certain extent. Break and work a colt by the side of a good, energetic horse, and its habit of walking will be adapted more or less to the gait of the older horse. And very often a pair of horses that might have made a fast walking team, are ruined in that respect, all because their driver is a laggard himself. When purchasing a team for general purposes, search for horses that are good, smart walkers, and after using them for one week, the owner will never want any other.

THE best cow for cheese is the one that gives the best balanced milk. It is better, however, to have an excess of butter fats in the milk than too little. Milk at this time of the year is viscid, and often becomes cold before being strained, so that the cream will not rise easily. To correct this, add about a pint of water at 110 to 120 degrees to a half pan of milk, bringing its temperature to 98 degrees. Then, when the milk is set in rooms where the temperature is about 60 degrees, the cream will rise easily and quickly. More cheese is produced from milk that is thoroughly aerated.

In rearing fall calves it should not be forgotten that they need salt as soon as their food is changed from milk. They also need water to drink, which is too often neglected. Milk is not sufficient to quench thirst, and many a calf lacks thrift simply because it does not have water. Calves should be fastened while eating, or else fed separately, otherwise the strongest will get more than their share. But it is best to allow them freedom in a roomy shelter when not eating, and to give them outdoor exercise when the weather is not severe. The more liberty consistent with sheltering, the better. Enough litter to keep the calves clean is none too much.

THE English and Scotch farmers have portable pens for their sheep. These are moved on to a piece of fresh grass each day, where the sheep are fed roots and grain, and where each day's droppings are scattered and left. This prevents the useless running over and tramping down of a large amount of feed. At each move the sheep are introduced to a fresh patch of grass, unbruised and unsoiled. In this way these farmers are able to keep a large number of sheep on a comparatively small amount of pasture. It is better than soiling, because there is no cutting and hauling of feed and no getting out of manure. The grass is fed where it grows, and the manure is left where it is wanted to replenish the fertility of the soil.

THE time to select breeding stock is when the pigs are from four to eight weeks old. The proper way is to leave the little things with the sow until they are eight weeks old, and so arrange matters that they can have a trough for themselves, with feed accessible at all times after they are three weeks old. Watch them closely and select those that improve most. In selecting stock, great care should be given the pedigrees, both on the sire and dam side. Although it is a great help in getting a strong pig, one cannot depend on the pedigree alone, for it is not the pedigree alone that makes the pig. Having obtained a proper conception of the best hog one must not expect to be able to procure it in every fence corner. Perfection has never been reached, but in all breeds of stock there are animals of such high merit, as to seem perfect, and though we cannot see much superiority in the individual animals of to-day over those of a few years ago, the number of the high classes is fast increasing, proving that our labor is producing good results.

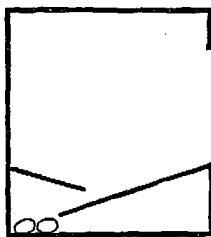
THERE is an art in feeding sheep so as to make the feed spin out evenly and uniformly and without waste, as the wool is paid out from the spindle into a fine and perfect thread. To cram the rack full even of the best of hay or to dash a certain quantity of grain recklessly into the troughs is not feeding. Grain should be given at noon or night, not in the morning, as then many sheep which require it most are lacking in appetite. Coarse provender, as fodder and straw, ought to be given in the forenoon, and that in small portions, which will be eaten up clean and with keen relish. Sheep are easily made into epicures by too liberal feeding; they will pick and mince the best of hay, eating off the heads, pulling out and wasting enough to feed one third of their number. It is not true kindness to animals to give them too much at once, but the reverse.

THE following hints on the care of horses in winter are worth noting: Have the stable properly ventilated. Don't forget that a horse requires more food, and of a more nutritious character, in cold than in warm weather. Horses clipped in mid-winter should never be allowed to stand unblanketed. Nails and a hammer properly applied will often convert a rickety barn into a warm one, and save hay and other food. Have all the horses properly shod and kept sharp all winter, as it is cruel to expose the animals to the chance of painful falls. Grooming should not be slighted in cold weather; grooming in the stall is bad for the horse, and the man who does it cannot get around the animal to do thorough work. In slushy weather, when the roads are bad with wet snow, give the legs of the horses a thorough rubbing, first with a wisp of straw and afterward rub dry with a piece of old carpet, or some such fabric; give the heels special attention.

The Poultry Yard.

A Safety Hen's Nest.

OUR illustration is a sectional view of a device which, though not new, is quite effective in preventing the unprofitably prompt conversion of agricultural products which is involved in the habit which some hens have of eating their own eggs. A false bottom is fastened in the nest-box, consisting



SAFETY NEST.

of two boards, sloping to the center, with a space between just wide enough to admit an egg. When the hen turns to cackle over the new-laid egg and then to devour it, she is naturally astonished to find an apparently empty nest. It is not expected that this will work upon her feelings so much that she will resume her place and lay another egg, but it will at least place the one already laid beyond the reach of her beak.

To insure fertile eggs for hatching, fowls should have plenty of exercise and green food or clover. The males should have a run with the flock at least a week before the eggs are used.

A MODERATE dose of sulphur given twice a week serves as a laxative and blood purifier. The sulphur permeates the whole system, even coming through the skin; and being death to insect life, causes parasites to drop off.

THE first meal should be given as early in the morning as possible. The hens are usually awake long before the people of the house are up, and they will be impatient for their breakfast. The earlier

they receive it the sooner they will feel like scratching and working, as they often feel the effects of a cold night.

THERE is no economy in wintering more cockerels than are wanted for breeding. The sooner the rest are marketed the better, as after they are matured they add to the expense of keeping the poultry without a fair return of profit.

SEASON all soft food with a pinch of salt. A small quantity of flaxseed meal mixed with their morning meal is also strongly advised. It makes their plumage bright and glossy, and deepens the color of their combs and earlobes.

FOWLS will readily eat snow if the water supply is shortened, or ice forms in the fountains. Snow does not allay thirst, but causes roup or throat ailments. Hence do not cut off the water supply, under the supposition that the hens can get it from snow.

WHILE fine hay or fine, well-broken straw makes good nests, a very good nest can be made with shavings from wood. Select only the thinnest and softest, and make the nests well with them. They can be lightly sprinkled with diluted carbolic acid to keep away lice, and, being very porous, will retain the smell and effect of the acid much longer than any other materials.

To decide whether eggs are fertile or not, hold them between the thumb and forefinger with an end towards the thumb and finger in a horizontal position, with a strong light in front of you. The unfertilized egg will have a clear appearance, both upper and lower side being the same. The fertilized egg will have a clear appearance at the lower side, while the upper side will exhibit a dark or cloudy appearance.

In the matter of dust or earth baths, fowls much prefer burrowing in the earth to wallowing in a shallow dust-box. One corner of the poultry house should be enclosed and then filled with soft pulverized, dry earth to about twenty inches above the level of the floor. Have a small door connecting this with the poultry house, and when it is left open the fowls will walk in and take a good wallow. All kinds of poultry especially love to dust themselves when there are indications of stormy weather.

DURING winter the fowls must be kept comfortably warm, and it is seldom necessary to resort to artificial heat to secure the necessary degree of temperature, even in severe weather, if the house be well built, and be closed during the night. For very young chicks, and where incubating is carried on, the building must be heated by a stove, or in some other way, to raise the temperature above the freezing point. Some use an oil stove, instead of one burning coal, but in any case the stove must be protected or placed where the poultry cannot have immediate access to it, else they may seriously injure themselves, or else endanger the buildings from fire.

DURING the moulting season, fowls are not only more exposed and liable to atmospheric influences and changes, but also more susceptible to them, consequently it is very important that they should be protected from wet or damp and currents of chilled air, for these would prolong the process and lower the tone and vigor of the fowl. On the other hand, warmth assists fowls while moulting, and they are sometimes kept in very warm places in order to precipitate a moult. Hens are set at moulting time for the same purpose by some poultry keepers. The increased temperature present during incubation appears to have the effect of hastening a moult, and shortening the period of its duration. The material for a new coat of feathers must be, to a very great extent, previously stored up in the fowl's system, and in order that this shall be accomplished a judicious system of grain-feeding ought to be adopted previous to moulting time. In addition to wheat, barley, and oats, which are the best food stuffs for stock birds, and should be given alternately say, week and week about, a little hempseed should be added thrice.



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THE JOY OF GIVING.

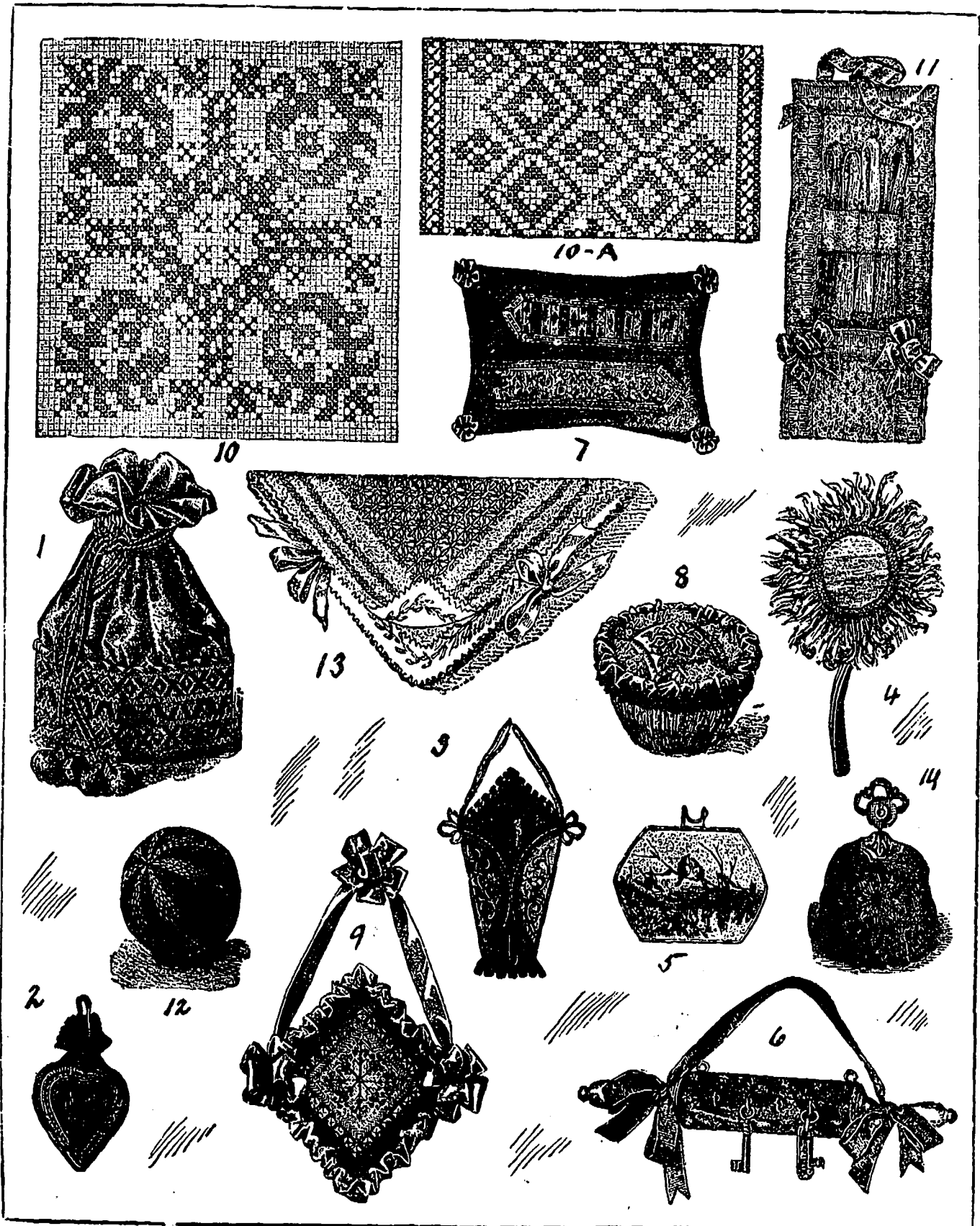
SOMEbody has wisely and truthfully said that the real pleasure of a gift is in the giving, which after all is only another way of expressing that precious declaration that has come down to us through the centuries, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

It is not hard to answer the question, "What

shall I give?" if one possesses a purse which has that rare quality of never becoming quite empty. The shops seem crowded more and more each season with Christmas goods of every kind, and one must be hard to please if a suitable present for each and all friends cannot be found. Many of us, however, must make one dollar do the work of ten, and it is for the benefit of our gift-givers, whose love of giving is so out of proportion to their means, that we present the accompanying hints on simple, home-made Christmas offerings. Those, too, who have recently asked for cross-stitch and other patterns, will find their requests granted in this paper in a way which we trust will benefit others as well.

To a doer of fancy work, and her name is legion, one of the various pretty devices for holding the work and materials cannot fail to be acceptable. One of the prettiest work-bags we have lately seen is shown by the illustration (Fig. 1). The paste-

board box which forms the foundation, and which may be round or square, as preferred, is five inches in height. It should be first covered and lined with cambric or satine, which can be most neatly done by taking the box apart, covering each section in turn, and joining the edges by "over and over" seaming. If desired, the bottom, inside, may be perfumed by means of a layer of wadding, thickly sprinkled with sachet powder and placed between the pasteboard and lining. When this is done take a strip of canvas as wide as the depth of the box, allowing a very little for turning the edges neatly, and long enough to extend around it and join. Work on this any chosen pattern in cross-stitch, using worsted or silk as preferred; then put it in place on the box, over which it should fit tightly enough to be perfectly smooth, and catch it invisibly along the upper and lower edges. A strip of satin ten inches wide and proportioned in length to the size of your box, is turned in and shirred to form a narrow frill on one edge, by which it is joined to the box; on the other an inch and a half wide hem is turned and a run made above for a



HOME-MADE CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

draw-casing, through which is run silk cords finished with balls, or ribbon draw-strings. This model may be varied in many ways. Other material may be substituted for that named, or, for the box, one of the pretty little Japanese baskets so common nowadays. Or a basket may be made of macramé, crocheted to fit a chosen shape, stiffened with thick starch, allowed to dry on the mold, over which it should be tightly stretched, then shellacked and gilded. By taking molds of different forms and sizes, baskets for making hair-pin holders, cushions, work-bags, etc., may be easily and cheaply made at home by those of us who have more time than money, and other applications of this work will readily suggest themselves. Torchon, or home-made lace, stiffened and gilded, makes an exceedingly pretty finish for the edge of small tables or foot-rests.

The little emery cushion (fig. 2) allows the use of bits of velvet or plush. Cut two heart-shaped pieces of cardboard and two pieces of crimson velvet enough larger to allow for turning over the edge. Work a simple pattern in gold thread near the edge, cover the cardboard pieces, turning the edges of the velvet over smoothly and fastening them with glue, or long stitches which must be removed after a cambric lining is added to hold the outside in place. Sew a strip of gold-colored ribbon, one inch wide, to each edge, leaving three or four inches at the top before cutting off. Fill with emery powder or steel dust, gather the bit of ribbon at the top to form a frill, and sew a piece of gold cord at each side for a loop.

Another pretty adjunct of the sewing-table is a hanging thimble-and-scissors-case. It should be four or five inches high and two and one-half to three inches wide in the broadest part. Cut the back of cardboard, in the shape shown by illustration (fig. 3), cover with China silk, plain color, cutting the covering enough wider to allow of box-pleating, and an inch longer at top and bottom, this extra length being turned to form a frill. A double loop of satin or ribbon is sewed at the top to hold the thimble. Two semi-circles of thin cardboard, covered with canvas, embroidered and bound with narrow ribbon, are fastened, one on each side, and the back piece of cardboard, smoothly covered with cambric, satin, or any suitable material, is overseamed to the front at the edge, which is concealed by a row of cord. A brass hook for holding the scissors is fastened in the center between the circles, and the case is suspended by loops of the cord fastened at the corner.

We have chosen this model for illustration because it, too, is adapted to other uses. No more dainty whisk-holder could be devised than this design enlarged, the semi-circles being joined in the center under a bow of ribbon. If preferred, the covering may be of plush or velvet, put on smoothly, and decorated with either the needle or brush.

A "real sunflower" pincushion (fig. 4) is something of a novelty, yet one which may be had in season for another Christmas. Procure a full blown sunflower, pull off the yellow petals, scoop out the seed center and hang it up for a few days to dry. When dry bronze or gild the sepals and the stalk, and fill the hollowed-out center with a cushion of brown plush, stuffed with cotton. This is best glued in place, and the edge is concealed by bronze or gold-colored cord or chenille, if desired. Instead of a cushion a round piece of looking-glass may be glued in the center, making a very unique hand-mirror. The stalk may be ornamented with a bow of ribbon if liked, a bit of decoration so common that it "goes without saying."

In these days of many lamps new ideas in shades are constantly appearing. A movable screen (fig. 5) may be easily made by any one at all adept with the brush, and will prove an acceptable gift to a student friend. These shades may be purchased ready for painting, made of gauze with narrow metal frame and hook for attaching to the lamp chimney or globe, or manufactured at home of thin cardboard covered with silk, bound with narrow ribbon, and furnished with a loop of rather coarse wire, fastened between the outside and lining of the shade. In this way the transparent effect of the gauze is lost, but the shade is quite as useful. A very pretty "day-shade" recently seen was cut from celluloid.

Key-racks or bangle-boards are not new but very useful little articles; for who does not lose hoot-buttoners, keys, and other similar small items if

there is not a place especially provided for them? A new idea—the using of fancy brass nails in decoration—is given in the illustration (fig. 6). Procure a small rolling-pin, which will be turned for you at any wood-working shop, have one side planed off so that it will lie against the wall, and cover with plush of any preferred color, neatly glued on. Gild the handle, fasten a brass screw-eye at each end just above the flat portion, decorate the front with fancy nails placed about one-half inch apart and extending across the top, ends and bottom, put a row of brass hooks through the center, and suspend by means of ribbon loops and bows matching the plush in color. The brass nails or tacks, which may be obtained at any upholstery supply store, form a most effective decoration for velvet or plush-covered wooden boxes to be used as foot-rests, glove or handkerchief boxes, etc.

Pin cushions are never unacceptable gifts; one is always glad of something new to take the place of the old, grown shabby by use. One lately seen, which may be enlarged to form a cushion for a lounge-roll, served to utilize some scraps of ribbon in a very pretty fashion. A piece of plush seven by ten inches, or as large as the cushion is wanted, forms the top, which is decorated by two bands of ribbon, one of fancy brocade, the other made of bits of narrow ribbon joined crosswise, and harmoniously arranged as to color. Starting at one end of the plush these strips extend nearly across, or to within two inches, the other end of each being folded in to form a point; these are edged with fancy or gold braid or lace. The upper being completed, a piece of material suitable for the under part of the cushion is seamed together with it on the wrong side, leaving a small space unsewed; the cushion is turned, filled with cotton, cork-dust, or dried coffee-grounds, the aperture sewed up, the cushion surrounded by a silk cord, and the corners finished by a tiny rosette of ribbon with a button-mold covered with the plush in the center of each. (Fig. 7).

A cushion which may be used for pins of different kinds is made in this way: (Fig. 8). Procure a round Japanese or other basket, about three inches high and six or seven inches in diameter. Fill with curled hair to within an inch of the top, fastening over this a cover of net. Finish the top of the basket with a strip of satin, two and one-half inches wide, cut bias and put on like a shirred binding, forming a little frill when fastened on the outside. Knit or crochet a cover of looped work, with which every one is familiar, fasten it over the net, and upon this fasten, by the corners, a square of canvas worked with cross-stitch and edged with cord. This serves to hold other than hair-pins, which are to be thrust into the wool-work. A pasteboard box may be used instead of a basket, by covering it with plush or other material, and it need not be round, necessarily; where they can be obtained, however, a small basket will be preferred. Fancy baskets and boxes are much used for holding cushions. A box with a cover may be made to serve a double purpose by placing a cushion on the top and finishing the edge with a frill of lace as wide as the box is deep. A handy receptacle for jewellery, soiled laces, or similar articles is thus had.

The pretty hanging-cushion (fig. 9) consists of a square of congress canvas, worked in cross-stitch, for the front, a similar square of plush for the back, a puff of wide ribbon or satin matching the plush in color, for the edges, and ribbon two inches wide and of a color to harmonize with the remainder of the work for bows and loop. The design illustrated is worked partly in cross-stitch and partly in long and Italian stitch; our cross-stitch square may be substituted, however, and the pattern worked on open-mesh canvas over plush or cloth, the threads of canvas being afterwards pulled out.

Cross-stitch embroidery, in combination with Gobelin, Italian, and other stitches already in use, or which may be invented by the ingenious worker, was never more in favor than now. It is used on bed and table linen, wearing apparel, articles of home decoration—in short, it would be more difficult to say for what it is not used. Formerly only wools were used for this, which was called "Berlin work"; now we have the wash-silks, and, better, the linen art threads and flosses in sizes adapted to materials either fine or coarse, and of almost every conceivable color. Aprons of coarse serim, congress canvas, nainsook, lawn, or white or colored organdie in fine, even check, are very effectively trimmed with a border in cross-stitch of linen floss.

One of black organdie worked with pink floss, and with ties of pink ribbon, was particularly showy. (Fig. 10.) A pretty cross-stitch design is shown in fig. 10-A.

Do we not all number among our friends an invalid whom we wish especially to remember? What will be more acceptable to such an one, who delights to employ her hands and mind in "making pretty things," than a case (fig. 11) filled with embroidery materials. This case is made of Java canvas, eleven inches wide and twenty-three inches long. It is embroidered in long stitches with wool, and lined with either plain or figured silk, the edges of both outside and lining being turned in and sewed neatly together. A strap of ribbon three inches wide is fastened across the pocket about one-fourth the distance from the top, being stitched down perpendicularly at intervals to form loops for holding the skeins, and the lower end is turned up five inches to make a pocket for needles, thimble, pin-case, etc. A bow of ribbon finishes each upper corner of this pocket, and a piece of the same ribbon is fastened at the back to tie the case when shut.

A knitted ball (fig. 12) is always appreciated by the small people for indoor games. It may have a cord attached or, for the very little people, contain a rattle. A small rubber ball or bit of cork is wound with coarse yarn, which may be raveled from old stockings, until the size desired. For a ball of ordinary size, cast on 24 stitches of black or dark wool, knit 6 rows back and forth, join on the red, or whatever other color may be chosen, knit 6 rows, and so continue until there are 14 stripes. Join the ends, draw the cover over the ball, and gather the ends in tightly twice, so that the stripes will run to points, fastening them securely. In the way of shaving-books there would seem to be "nothing new under the sun"; they have appeared as wall banners, attached to rods, in book form, both cloth and paper-covered, and in various other shapes. The model illustrated (fig. 13), will be new to many. Cut a nine-inch square of light olive cloth or felt, pink the edge, and work with cross-stitch in terra cotta silk, line with olive satin or silk, and finish the edge inside with a band of terra-cotta cloth pinked on each edge and fastened in place by a row of feather-stitching in olive silk. Inside, a strap of ribbon extends diagonally from corner to corner and under this are placed the shaving leaves, seven or eight inches square, which may be either of soft paper, pinked, or linen fringed at the edges. Fold the square together to form a triangle, and fasten with ties of terra-cotta ribbon sewed half way between points on each side.

Blotters and pen-wipers never come amiss at the desk of a literary friend. The simplest blotters are best, since if used they are liable to become ink-stained, and the recipient of an elaborately-embroidered, plush-covered one will lay it away "to look at." One of the best models has covers of celluloid, the front one decorated with a little sketch in monochrome—an owl with a pen in his claw, seated on a straggling branch, for example—and an appropriate inscription in gold ink; four or five sheets of blotting-paper, cut a little smaller than the covers, are placed between them, and the whole is tied at the back with ribbon drawn through a hole punched half way from top to bottom. A dozen of these may be easily made in one day, except painting, and the small nieces and nephews attending school will appreciate one as a gift quite as highly as any of the older people. A penwiper (fig. 4) which seemed particularly appropriate when given a little country school-teacher, had for its foundation a small bell with fancy handle. Three circular pieces of black cloth were pinked at the edges, a small hole made in the center of each, the handle of the bell unscrewed, and the cloth circles, with a fourth round of dark-green felt, pinked and decorated with a row of stars or daisies worked in orange silk put over the bell and the handle replaced. A roll of black cloth may take the place of the bell, if preferred, a fancy handle of any kind being inserted in one end. The cloth circles are then put in place and a bow of ribbon tied around the handle. In preparing gifts at home let us all remember that nicety in detail and neatness of finish give more satisfactory results than the most expensive materials without; a scrap-bag of cretonne carefully made gives more pleasure to both the maker and recipient than one of plush having edges bungling turned and fastened with stitches the reverse of invisible.



Christmas.

THERE is a certain charm about Christmas that does not attach to any other holiday. It may be that because it is an interesting holiday for the little folk, that the children take such happiness in it. The little ones, after all, are the dearest treasures we have on earth, and in making them happy there is a reflected happiness upon ourselves that carries with it joy and good will. Let them believe in their burly, rosy, fur-clad idol, Santa Claus. Let him come down the chimneys of good boys' and girls' houses with his precious freight, and let them write letters to their Scandinavian deity with his fleet reindeers. We know a mother who treasures a little scrap of paper—a missive written in all good faith to this same deity—far more than the autograph letter of the most distinguished man, for it represents the perfect, simple trust of a child. "Dear santaclaws," it says; "i wish that you would bring me too books a new fuir cap too keep my hed warm A pound of candie A fuc peanuts good santa-claws." In our efforts to keep Christmas well, as Tiny Tim said, may "God bless us every one!"

Christmas Time.

I FEEL so happy I cannot keep still!
Just one day more and 'twill be Christmas Day,
And all the house is full of secrets now,
And everybody whispers what they say.

When I go in the door, unless I knock,
Or rattle with my hand upon the latch,
Mamma hid-s something underneath her chair,
And aunty jumps up something else to snatch.

John's got a ball for Bess, and yesterday
He let me bounce it on the playroom floor,
And how we laughed, when Bess came running up
To ask about the racket at the door.

I've made a heart-shaped pin ball for papa,
And aunty's book mark now, at last, is done;
She has not seen it, and she cannot guess
What I have for her—O, it is such fun!

To-night, when nurse went down to get our tea,
I watched the man lighting the lamps below,
And saw them twinkling up the long, long street,
Like a procession of stars down in the snow;

When jingle, jingle straight up to our door
Came thro' the dusk a horse, and wagon, too,
A man jumped out with bundles in his arms,
And to the stairtop all the children flew;

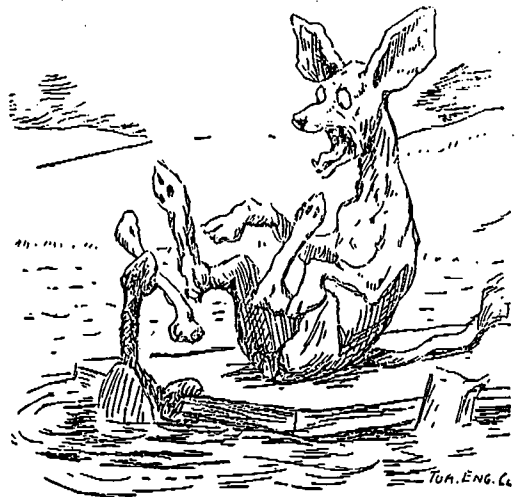
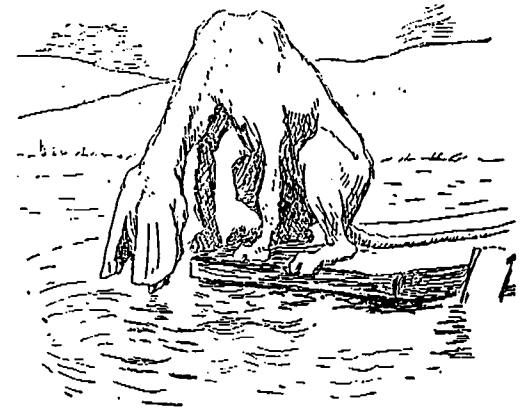
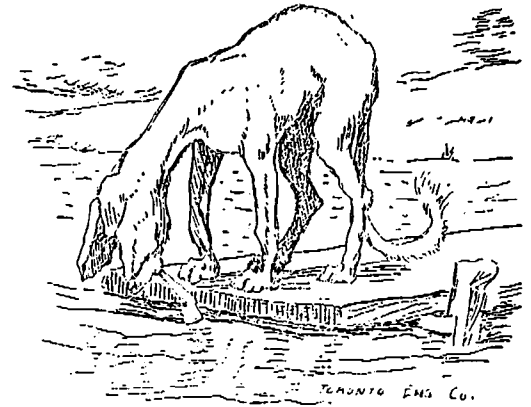
Then Jenny took them in, but ere we saw,
Mamma ran up the stairs and drove us back,
But Rob said he was sure he saw a sled
When, naughty boy, he peeped out thro' the crack!

To-morrow night I shall not go to sleep,
But watch the window, Santa Claus to see,
I think he is papa, but now he lives
In the spare-room, and aunty has the key.

And all the bundles Jenny puts in there—
To-morrow how the bell will ring all day!
O dear! how I wish Christmas would come,
And Santa Claus, and never go away.



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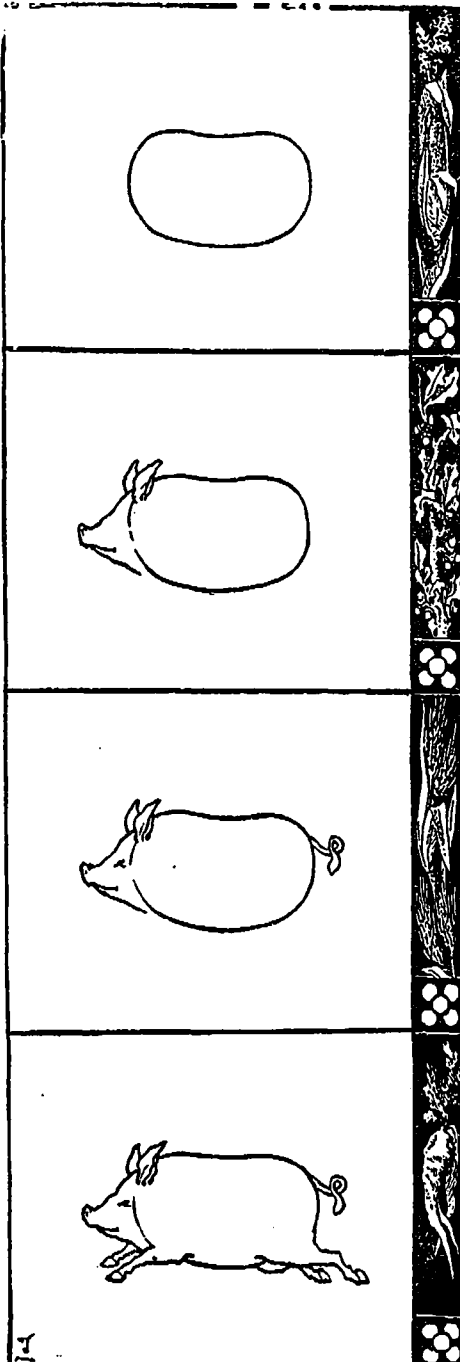


(To be continued.)

Lady: "I thought I told you I wanted curried potatoes for dinner." Bridget: "The hostler was busy, mum, and I'm no groom."

"Good morning, little orphan," said the corn to the oats. "Why do you call me orphan?" replied the oats. "Because you have no fodder," chuckled the corn. The oats was shocked.

Sudden Removal.—Stranger (in Kansas): "Can you direct me to the county seat?" Mr. Dugout (sadly): "No-o I can't, stranger. There was a cyclone here last week, and I ain't heard yit whar the county seat went to."



The Body of Piggy
is shaped like a bean—
Except when he's poor
and uncommonly lean.

Then give him an ear
and a long handsome snout
For the last is so useful
in rooting about.

Then a bright little eye
he must have without fail
At the other end of him
a small curly tail.

Then give him four feet
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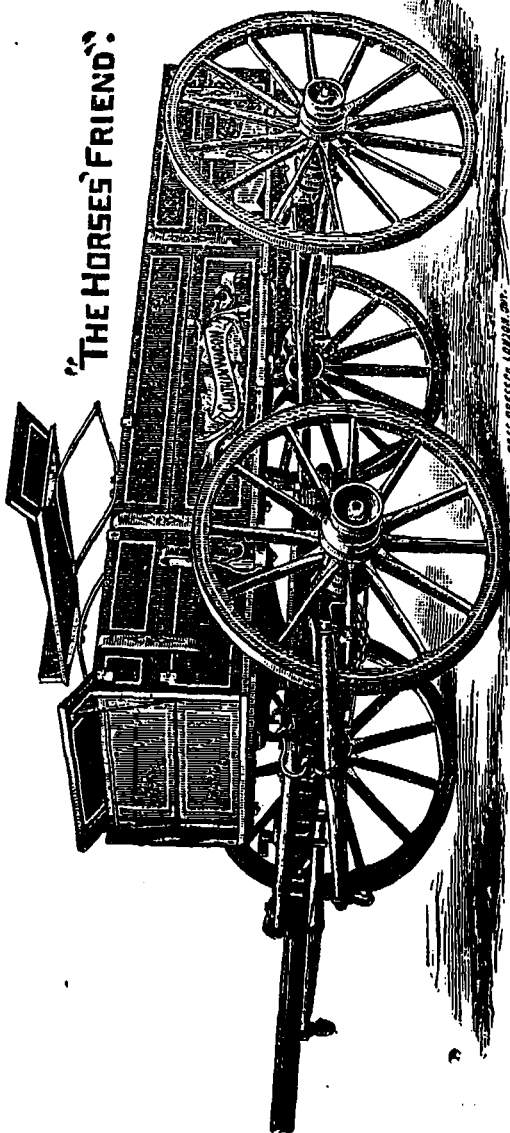
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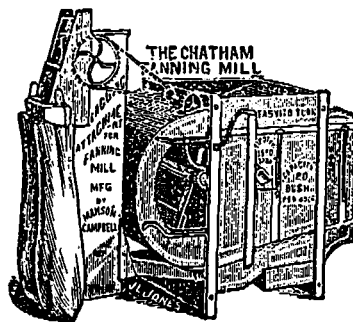
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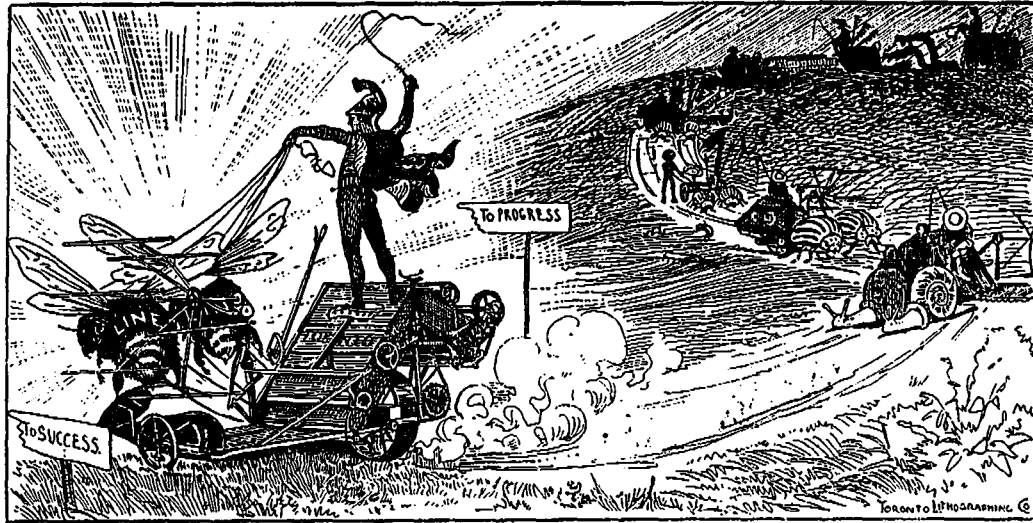


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The Report just received by Mail says: This was the most severe trial which has ever taken place in Australia. It was held on the Dookie Model Government farm. The crop was a terribly bad one. It was one half "tares" for ensilage, and after the heavy and long continued rains, was wholly unfit to put any machine into. The result was as follows: **Massey-Toronto, 1st Prize**; Hornsby, 2nd prize; Deering, 3rd prize; defeating the Woods, Buckeye, McCormick and Mercer. All the machines except the Massey-Toronto stuck badly, one of them being wholly unable to finish its piece.

THE GREAT
SOUTH AUSTRALIAN
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The Report received by Mail says: This was an important trial, nine different machines competing. It was in a territory new to Massey-Toronto, and where other competing machines have enjoyed a long established trade, especially the Hornsby and McCormick. The decision was arrived at by ballot of the large congregation of *bona fide* farmers present, and resulted as follows: Hornsby, 1st; **MASSEY**, 2nd; McCormick, 3rd; Deering, 4th; Woods, 5th; Howard, 6th; Buckeye, 7th; Brantford, 8th; Low Down Buckeye, 9th.

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Letter from Wm. Brown, Esq., formerly of Guelph Agricultural College, Ontario, and now a member of the Council of Agricultural Education, Victoria, Australia, being Principal of Longerenong Agricultural College, Dooen, Victoria.

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The testimony of some of the students of this College, recently sent you, should be the best possible evidence of the durability, easy working, general application to crops, and all-over efficiency of your Self Binder. We cannot think of anything that is desirable in a Binder after such an unusual test, as that of last season, when "The Massey" was handled by all the young men here, upon four classes of crops, very rough ground, under change of weather, with only two horses; and it remains to-day without any breakages, or other evidence of giving in.

In all my long Canadian and American experience, I have not seen such a thorough proof of a Binder.

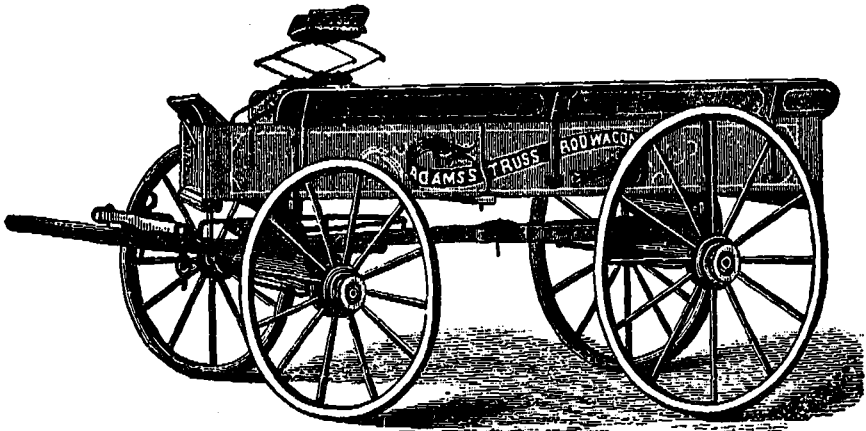
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[Signed]

WM. BROWN, *Principal.*

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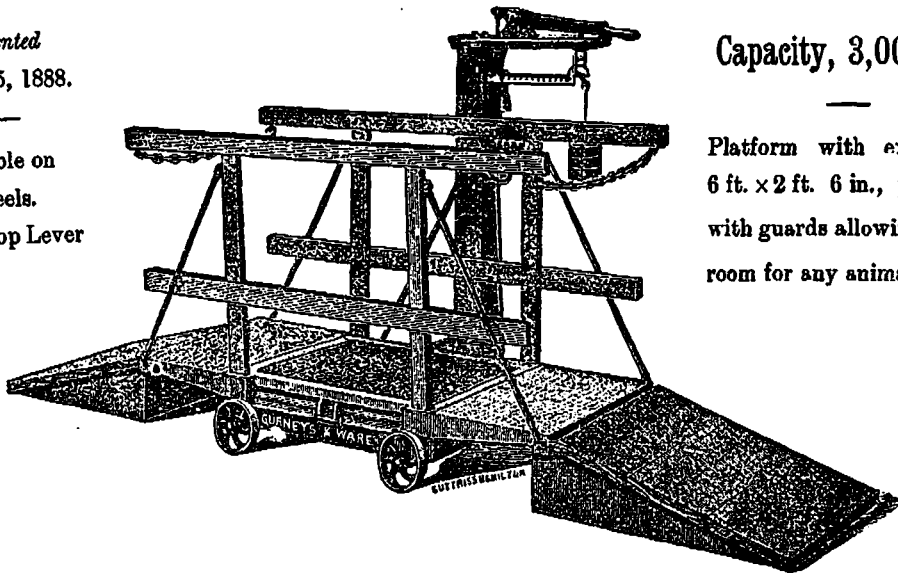
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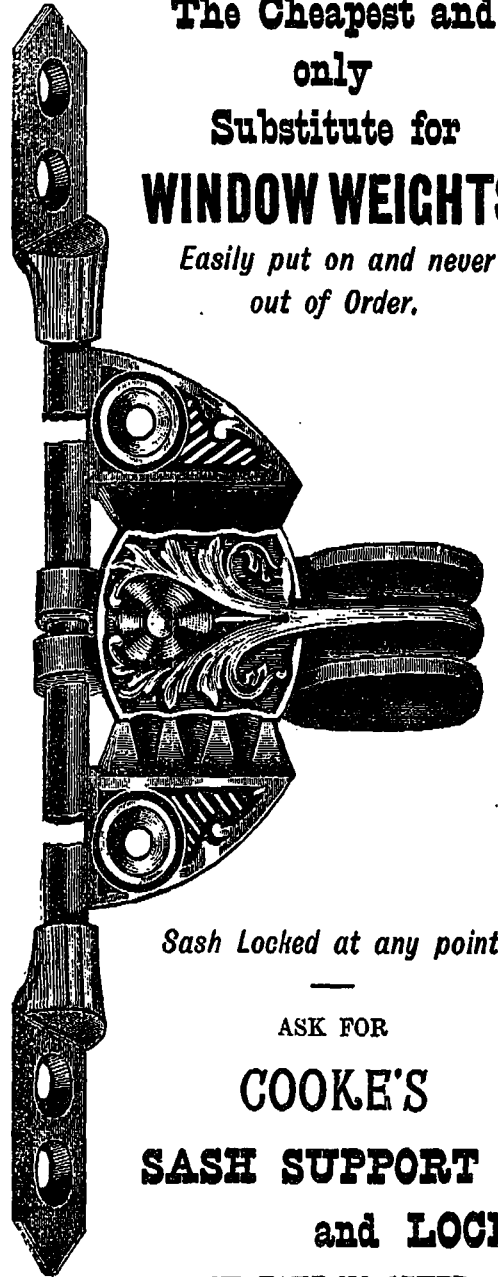
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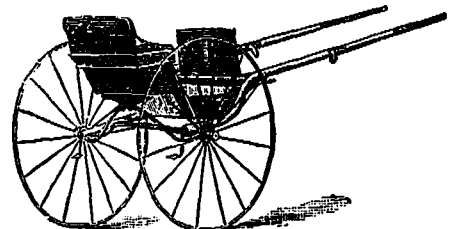
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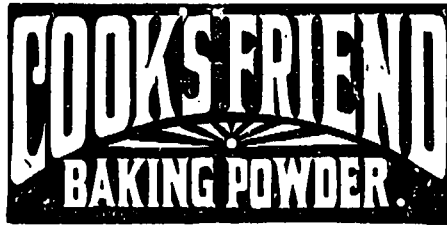
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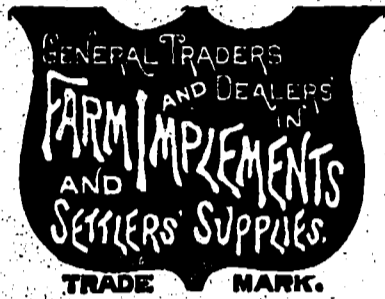
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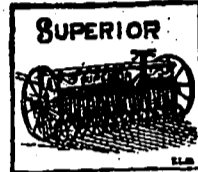


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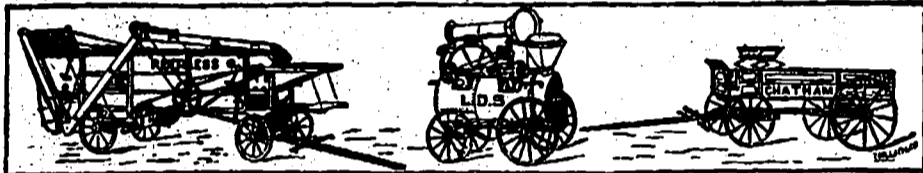


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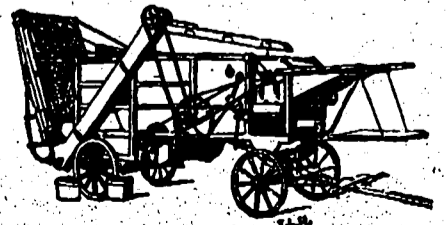
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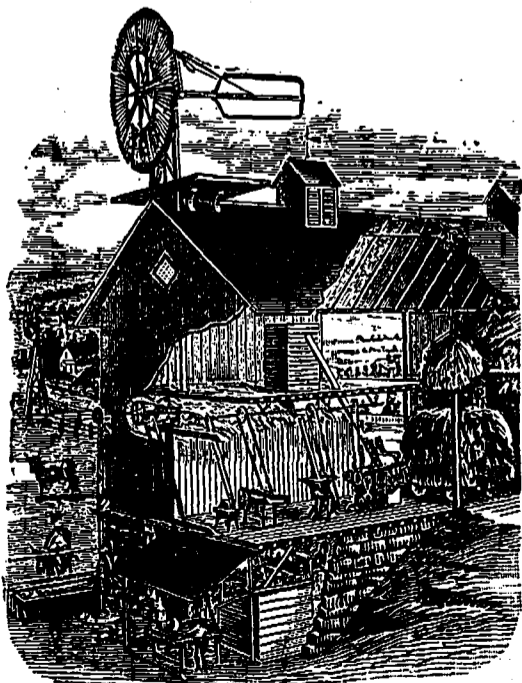
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By Painting your Buggy or Sleigh with PEUCHEN'S Paint. \$1.00 will paint your Buggy. Paint and Varnish mixed in Six Shades. One tin will finish any vehicle and make it look like new. Price, One Dollar.

By painting your leaky roof with PEUCHEN'S FIRE and WATER-PROOF PAINT. \$10.00 per Barrel of 44 Imperial Gallons. One Barrel will cover 20 squares.

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by Painting your Reapers, Mowers, Rakes, Seed Drills, and all Implements with PEUCHEN'S EVERLASTING VERMILLION. Put up ready for the brush. One Quart will Paint and Varnish any Machine. Only \$1.00.

For particulars write to us direct, or enquire of any Hardware Dealer.